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THE SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Into the midnight, darkling and still,
The music bursts with a sudden thrill.
Kept by its mystical power I stand
In a radiant palace of fairy-land;
Where between the slender shafts that bear
A wonderful dome of crystal rare,
I catch the gleam of the snowy wall,
And hear the fountain's silvery fall,
While keeping time to the music's flow,
Fantastical spirits come and go,
With starry eyes, and their shining hair
Floating unbound on the perfumed air,
Till the sweet notes fall, and like morning mist
By the glowing sun of the summer kissed,
The vision fades, and the marble floor
And roof of crystal are seen no more.

Again a mournfully tender strain
Breathes of a hopeless lover's pain,
Telling in murmurs low and sweet
How he fain would die at his darling's feet,
How he will keep to his latest day
The flower that her white hand threw away,
And kiss with a passionate despair
The rose-bud she wore in her beautiful hair;
And charmed anew by the gentle strain,
I glide into Fancy's world again,
Yet it is not an elfin realm I see,
But a clover bank and an apple tree;
The sights of a quiet night in June,
A field of wheat and a waning moon.

The graceful form by my side I know
Is one whom I loved in the long ago:
Our souls are mingled as hand in hand
Under the drooping boughs we stand,
And touched by a holy spell, forget
The bitter parting, the long regret,
The lonely years that stretch between
That which is, and which once has been.
But the magical music's dying tone
Melts away in a plaintive moan,
Breaking the dream of our brighter years
Into a rain of softening tears.

Louisville, Ky. ANNIE C. B.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOUD-SHADOWS.

NORMAN SEABROOK TO PAUL LATOUR.

Hotel de Rubens, Antwerp, July 2d, 18—.

"*Ebene, amico mio!* So thou hast even taken unto thyself apartments at Brussels and a ward of seventeen with 'a face of saintlike purity!' By my faith, friend Paul, you improve. *I* can remember but a very short time since when the name of woman was never heard to escape those ascetic lips, and when to remain longer than seven days in any one locality was intolerable to your philosophership. But all is changed now, I perceive—a pair of 'large, earnest brown eyes' have been sufficient to charm even you into the paths of sentiment and sighs; and you must allow me to interpret your fine speeches about 'the duties which you have taken upon yourself,' &c., &c., according to my own reading. Ha! 'thou blushest, Antony!'

"I arrived in this place five days ago, and I have not yet thought about when I shall leave it. 'Tis a glorious old mediæval city, Paul, and not a moment passes that I do not wish you were here to enjoy it with me. The most glorious cathedral—a Musee of incalculable wealth—the quaintest old Bourse you ever saw; and a style of florid architecture everywhere abounding that absolutely feasts the eye with beauty. I never saw anything like the house of Rubens. It is one wreath of fruits and flowers and rarest scroll-works—a perfect bower in stone. What an idea of magnificence that man had! What a princely splendid life he contrived to lead—ambassador, chamberlain, secretary of the privy council, knight, and artist! Was ever painter so rich and so honored? Will ever painter be so again?—They have his palette and an old leather chair in which he sat while painting, preserved in the Musee.

"Talking of the Musee, I have seen a picture in it which I shall never forget, and which, if I could but describe it worthily, would, I think, induce you to take the rail and come down for a day or two. That is, if the sight of your English friend would not be sufficiently attractive. It is a small crucifixion by Van Dyck—to me a most affecting and remarkable picture. You see the cross standing up, as it were, alone against the leaden sky. There is nothing above or around but darkness, and one or two points of flinty rock peep up from below; giving an idea of the altitude and loneliness of the mountain. The evening shades are gathering—the sun is retreating behind a bank of slaty clouds, and the Saviour of mankind looks upward into that heaven to which he seems so near and from which his term of banishment is almost ended. The face is filled with a divine yet beautiful agony—the extremities assume the blue hues of death and harmonize in a masterly manner with the tones of the background. All is solitary, silent, and awful. Do come, Paul, if it be only to see this picture. It is worth a pilgrimage. There is a copy of it in the church of St. Jacques; but the original is the gem.

"I have taken an immense fancy to the Musee. It is a noble building, and is surrounded by a quiet bit of garden, full of fine old trees, with seats beneath the shade, and tablets inscribed to the memory of eminent artists set in the walls. The bust of Rubens stands over the entrance. Somehow, the genius of a great man seems to reign forever in the place of his birth, and to hallow all the atmosphere around with something of his individual majesty. I have found this particularly the case with Frankfurt and Antwerp. Both cities appear like reflections of the minds of Goethe and Rubens, and are, to me, as inseparable from the men as the men from their works. You will understand what I mean, though I write 'words, mere words.' Surely there is a something about Stratford-upon-Avon that is different to any other town by any other river in any other part of England.

"I spent yesterday at Ghent, and paid a hasty visit to the cathedral of St. Bavon, and the famous old belfry surmounted by the Golden Dragon, where I saw the great bell named Roland, with its Flemish inscription, mentioned, as you must remember, by the poet Longfellow:—

"'Then the bell of Ghent responded, o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!'

"His dragonship, by the way, is delightfully ugly, and suffers at present under the personal disadvantage of a broken queue. I could not resist the whim of taking up a bit of chalk lying on the top of the tower, and writing these words along the remains of that appendage—'This tale to be continued.' Forgive the poverty of the pun.

"There is a large establishment here for Beguine nuns which I much wished to see; but time forbade. These excellent women half people the dead streets of the city—soldiers and priests seem to make up the rest of the population. The grass grows in the public squares—the sluggish canals, with their waters 'thick and slab,' lie like torpid snakes along the thoroughfares—dogs go by dragging carts, and queer wagons rumble past, like boats upon wheels—there are little images of the Virgin and Child stuck up under tiny penthouses at the corners of all the streets; and down by the bridges and the water-stairs you see women scrubbing their bright brass kettles and peeling vegetables. I never beheld a more dreary place. I hear it is one of the most demoralized in Europe.

"On the whole, I like Belgium—it is so undisguisedly stupid. I like its flat, strange scenery—its moldering old cities—its population of dark priests and silent nuns. How ugly the women are! I have not seen a pretty face since I have been in the country. 'Formosis Bruga puellis,' saith a very respectable proverb of the middle ages. It may be—but I have not yet been to Bruges.

"I often think of poor Fletcher and his melancholy ending. There was a man utterly self-destroyed—self sacrificed. I have sometimes fancied that a great care was weighing upon his mind and was the secret source of all his errors. It might have been anxiety for his daughter. And to think of his having a daughter! I never even dreamt that he had had a wife. By the way, do you remember that little brooch he used to wear? I often wondered whose hair he could so value, and you would smile to hear some of the romantic tales which I was pleased to hang thereby. Perhaps, after all, it was his wife's.

"You must come and see me. I shall be here, I dare say, for a fortnight or three weeks longer; for I have still so much to see in the way of churches and private galleries. Really one might spend a year in Antwerp and still leave something unvisited. Suppose you come next Saturday and stay for a few days with me on the banks of what Goldsmith calls 'the lazy Scheldt?' I name Saturday, because there is to be a grand fete on Sunday at the cathedral, and a procession headed by the archbishop.

"I want you to make me a little sketch of Miss Fletcher's head, that I may know in what this 'saint like purity' consists. Is it in expression or feature? I should imagine the former, since you tell me that she is not beautiful. It is probable that I shall find my way to Brussels on leaving here; but perhaps I may go first to Bruges.' I am very curious to visit that old city. In the meantime I should like to see what your *fair* ward is like, and I hope, for the sake of our friendship, that I may be enabled to write beneath her portrait that old line of Chaucer's which you, as a Frenchman, I dare say, have not read—

Si douset est la Margarete!

What a long letter I have written! *N'importe*—I know that you will read it all, *mon ami*, and that were it twice the length you would not deem it a trouble. 'Farewell, Monsieur traveller.' I drink your health in a glass of admirable curacoa.

Yours ever, NORMAN SEABROOK."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"July 4th, 18—.

"*Dear Old Boy*—This is good news. I did not really think that you would come, although I asked you. Start by the first train in the morning, and I will meet you at the station. Hurra!

"N. S."

It was late in the evening, and getting quite dusk, when I parted from my friend upon the platform of the Antwerp railway station. I had passed two pleasant days with him, of which the greater portion had been spent in the Musee and cathedral; and I could not help feeling a movement of regret as the guard closed the door, and the train began slowly to glide past the outskirts of the city.

The carriages were dimly lighted from the roof—the view without was flat, obscure, and ghostly. I turned wearily from the level marshlands and the dull lines of poplars that seemed to travel past the windows, towards my fellow-passengers. These were three in number. A stout, jovial-looking priest, with broad-brimmed hat, and long, black robe, and a railway rug folded comfortably over his knees; a young officer of chasseurs, sound asleep, with the fragment of a cigar between his lips; and a lady superbly dressed in a robe of violet-colored satin, and a cloak of velvet and rich sables, who sat precisely opposite to me and kept her veil down closely over her face.

There was something in the attitude of this lady, in the shape of her hands, one of which was ungloved and glittering with diamonds, in the very style and splendor of her attire, that attracted my attention strangely. Having once looked at her, I could not remove my eyes, and I sat there vainly striving to penetrate the folds of lace that concealed her features.

Presently the evening mists rose thicker and the air grew damp. I raised the glass on my side, and the priest raised his at the other. The steam then gathered slowly on the panes; the night became quite dark, and the faint oil-lamp seemed to burn brighter by the contrast; the priest threw aside his rug; the officer muttered restlessly in his sleep; I removed my hat—in short, the atmosphere of the carriage was tropical.

Surely the heat must soon compel her to uplift that veil!

She takes a scent-bottle from her reticule—she loosens the cloak around her throat—at last, yes, at last she throws up the veil!

Madame Vogelsang!

An unaccountable thrill ran through me at the sight of her, and I sank back, shuddering, in my seat. What was she to me that I should feel this presaging weight upon my heart?

Nothing—and yet——I drew my breath with difficulty, and closed my eyes that they might not look upon her.

The train flew on, and to me the journey seemed to endure for hours, although I knew how short the distance was and how swift our speed. Then came Brussels, and at the first slackening of our pace I threw open the door, leaped out upon the platform, and never once glanced back.

Who shall say that it was not a presentiment?

CHAPTER XVI.

"SUMMER HALCYON DAYS."

Some three or four weeks went by, and Brussels arrived at the height of its summer glory. There were evening concerts in the park; public balls at the Cafe Vauxhall; shoals of carriages and equestrians on the Boulevards, and in the Allee Verte, during the day; and, above all, operatic performances at the theatre in the Place de la Monnaie, with Madame Vogelsang as the star of the season.

I partook of very few of these amusements and divided my time between study, exercise, and the society of my ward. I had taken a couple of rooms in the neighborhood of the park, within sight of the green trees and the great basin, and here established for myself an humble imitation of my beautiful library at Latournelle. During the mornings I wrote, and read, and walked if the weather permitted—in the afternoons I called upon Margaret, and either took her out for a little stroll, or read aloud to her from the pages of some favorite French or German writer—at night I studied again till late, and sometimes spent an hour in the park, listening to the band. It was a very quiet life; but a happy one. Not the less happy, perhaps, for being tinctured here and there with some few shadows and regrets.

As I had felt and conjectured from the first—aye, from that very moment of that woful midnight—I had found peace and consolation in the new and solemn duty which I then assumed. To have the care of a life—of a life so young, and innocent, and fair! This was indeed a high and holy trust, and I grew stronger in the mere effort to fulfil it. There was, however, one difficulty ever present to my mind. I, who had so easily built up a pleasant future for my child-ward and myself, could now determine on no fitting course of life for this grave and timid girl of seventeen. To suffer her to continue as I found her, a lonely and ill-paid musical gouvernante in a school, was out of the question. Indeed, I had already done much to soften the harsher points of her position. She had now a private sitting room; leisure for study; and, owing to a pecuniary arrangement into which I entered with Madame Von Praets enjoyed a far greater amount of respect and consideration than any teacher had ever before received at the hands of that majestic lady. For the present this answered well enough; but I could not reside in B russels *ad infinitum*, and Margaret must not occupy a subordinate position for any longer period than was necessary for the completion of my plans. The subject was most perplexing, and cost me many hours of reflection every day. Yet I found it impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion.

Could I but have taken her to Burgundy, and placed her under the care of my mother—but I could not yet endure to think of the Hesperides grounds, which opened into mine, and of the near vicinity of Theophile and his bride. Then, I might send or leave her there, and again depart upon my aimless travels—but was she not my ward, and I her guardian? Was it not my duty to remain with her, to console her, to guide her studies, and watch over every dawning impulse of her heart? How dull and solitary she would be, alone with my stately mother in that remote chateau, with its environment of old forests—how lonely I should be to leave her there, and go forth for the second time!

It was a step not to be thought of—at least for the present. A time might arrive when old griefs and old impressions would fade and wear away; when I might learn to look upon Adrienne without regret, and upon Theophile without envy; when to return to Burgundy would once more be a pleasure unalloyed by pain, and Margaret might rejoice to call that antique house her home.

And so I put it off day by day, and the summer weeks went on. She was singularly placid and silent for her age—the more so, perhaps, on account of her isolated position, and the sorrow which had lately fallen upon her—yet she thought much, and felt deeply. Her nature was so reserved, her inner world so far removed from all vain or idle scrutiny, that her ideas and feelings became known to me only by chance, and at rare intervals. I have spent hours reading the story of her calm eyes and serious brow, and striving to look through them upon the workings of her heart. She would often sit by with drooping head, and hands busy over some piece of delicate embroidery, suffering me to carry on the conversation unaided, and seldom uttering even a comment or an interrogation. Then again, at times, thoughts of such fresh purity and beauty would fall from her lips, as caused me frequently to look round upon her with sudden admiration and delight—the more so because she was ever totally unconscious of the sweetness of her own sayings.

Every glimpse that I obtained into that fair soul revealed only grace and innocence, and these revelations were but the more precious for being so unpremeditated and infrequent.

Oh, this pleasant study of a young life! I had read many books, and was learned in many philosophies and languages; but in this first living volume that had been opened for me, I read a wise and simple poem, such as I had never dreamed before. It would be vain for me to attempt an analysis of all the peace and consolation which I learned from the perusal of that book's gentle pages. Slowly and earnestly I read, and observed, and commented upon them, and day by day rejoiced more heartily and gratefully that the care of them had been committed to my keeping. Yes, it was my duty now to win the confidence and affection of this lonely girl—it was my duty to shield her from sorrow, and to preserve in all their stainless purity the virgin tablets of her heart. Father, brother, friend, all these must I be to her, and all these, oh, Beneficent Sustainer! did I not pray to thee to make me?

The task, the responsibility, the anxiety was overwhelming, and Heaven knows with what humility and strong endeavor I armed myself to execute it worthily.

The more I understood, the more I respected and loved her. There was a something in her presence that seemed to hush my voice, as in the presence of a superior nature. Frequently I likened her mind to some Parian sanctuary, peopled with pious and chaste and lovely images, and dedicated to the service of the gods; sometimes I compared it to a smooth lake whose translucent waters are dark only because they are deep, and beneath which grow fairest water plants and flowers, such as the upper earth cannot match for sweetness.

Scarcely a week had elapsed since my arrival in Brussels, when I recognised the necessity of establishing some link of thought and action between Margaret and myself—some link that should induce a community of aim, and a reciprocity of ideas, between our minds. It was even necessary to the acquirement of her confidence—for how could the innocent familiarity which belonged to our relative position ever be attained by formal visits and conversations governed by restraint? To this end I began instructing her in drawing. Like all persons of high musical ability, she showed a remarkable aptitude for art, and progressed rapidly. So rapidly that in less than a month she had mastered the difficulties of the simple outline, and began studying from the round object. I must here observe that Margaret had a little favorite pupil in the school, a pale and sickly child, with large dark eyes and ordinary features, stunted in growth, but precocious in mind, and who loved her with a passionate devotion that reminded me of my own feelings towards my mother when I was myself a child. This little girl was her constant companion, the sharer of her studies, the partaker of all her simple pleasures, her walks, her rooms, her books. Little Clemence was too shy and strange and silent to inspire me at first with any great interest; but I willingly taught her all that I taught to Margaret, and in time grew almost fond of my earnest scholar. She was scarcely like a child in her tone of mind—she had none of the prattle and ingenuous confidence of youth. Her very amusements were odd and fantastic, and unlike all those which are suitable to childhood. I have known her to sit silently in a corner for long hours at a time, inventing grotesque patterns in colored papers, or drawing maps of imaginary countries with bays and promontories, and strange outlandish names marked here and there. With Clemence for our companion, we passed many a pleasant evening hour, and enjoyed many a sunny walk together. With what delight I attended the sales of antique *bijouterie* and *objets d'art*, and found out quaint shops in the close, dark streets of the mediæval quarter of the city, seeking models for her pencil! How I triumphed when I succeeded in bringing to her some graceful vase, or classic statuette, or fragment of old foliated cornice, making her little salon into the semblance of an artist's studio! And then what long rural wanderings we had in the neighborhood of Laken, and in the forest of Soigne, searching for ferns and leaves, and sketching moss grown trunks of fallen trees, and telling fairy stories to Clemence by the way!

A happy, happy time, and calm as dreamless sleep!

CHAPTER XVII.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

It is a bright and joyous morning during the first week of August. The boxes of mignonette in my windows send up a fragrant odor; the trees are nodding in the sunshine; my bird in his painted cage is almost wild with joy, and darts from perch to perch in the pauses of his song; pleasant sounds of children's voices, and cries of itinerant florists and chocolate venders are heard outside, with now and then the passing wheels of some early vigilantes going to meet the first train at the station.

I am seated beside the open casement in my slippers and robe de chambre, reading and breakfasting. My book (Thiers's "History of the Consulate and Empire") lies before me in a convenient position; my toast and coffee stand at my right hand; sometimes I look out upon a troop of passing cavalry, or a party of country milkmaids with their graceful cans of glittering brass upon their heads. In short, I am just now exceedingly comfortable, very much interested, and have made up my mind to a morning of quiet study.

A tap at my chamber door.

I want no interruptions, so I affect not to hear it, and go on with my book.

A second tap, very much louder than the first. A tap that insists upon being heard!

"Go to—Algeria!" I mutter sullenly between my teeth, and then, without removing my eyes from the page—"Come in!"

The door flies open—a rapid foot treads the floor—a friendly hand falls heavily upon my shoulder, and a frank voice cries cheerily:

"Hail to thee, worthy Timon!"

"Norman Seabrook! dear old fellow, is it really you? How glad—how very glad I am! When did you come? Where have you put up? Why did you not write and let me meet you? Sit down, and have some breakfast!—Well, this is a pleasure!"

And in an incoherent rapture of delight and surprise, I shake him vehemently by both hands, force him into a chair, ring for fresh coffee, kick Thiers's "History of the Consulate," &c., to the farther corner of the room, shake hands again, and so on for some ten minutes at the least.

Presently we subside over our breakfast, and sit talking eagerly. He has so much to tell, and I so little, that I soon drop my share of the conversation, and leave him to speak of all that he has seen since we parted, uninterrupted, save now and then by an interrogation or a brief remark. Besides, it is such a pleasure to see him once again, that I prefer to sit listening to his voice, and looking at his cordial face.

More than five weeks have elapsed since we parted, and during that time he has visited all that in Belgium is worthy the notice of the historian, the art-student, and the archæologist. He has been to Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, Louvain, Mechlin, Tournay, &c., and is all the browner for his travelling. He has seen everything and been into all kinds of places; has journeyed from town to town in a lazy canal-boat; has jolted along the paven country roads in a peasant's wagon; has trudged on foot and on horseback; lodged at hotels and farmhouses, and roadside inns; frequented theatres, churches, gaming-rooms, picture galleries, markets, guingettes, reviews, law courts and religious ceremonials. Life in all its phases, art in all its stages, he has observed, studied and enjoyed. For five weeks he has done wonders, and nothing has escaped his quick eye, his ready wit and his genial temper.

"And so," I say, at length, "Brussels is all that you have left to see! How long do you propose to remain with me?"

"To remain with you, *amico?* Why, you are not going to establish yourself here for the term of your natural life! I had thought to stay here for some three weeks, perhaps, till you should have disposed of your interesting charge in some convenient and appropriate asylum; and then I hoped, and hope, that we shall on together 'to fresh woods and pastures new!' Why not to Paris? It is the most *innocuous* and delicious place on earth, and I must fain confess with Madame de Stael, that it is my vulnerable side. Besides, you are a Frenchman, and have never visited the fairy capital of your native country! I tell you, Paul, 'tis absolutely a duty!"

I shake my head and look grave.

"Indeed, Seabrook," I say, tracing a pattern on the teatray with my spoon, "indeed, I find myself in a very delicate, I may say, a very difficult position. Miss Fletcher, you see is not the child I had supposed; she—she is young, accomplished, interesting——Hem! interesting to me on account of her poor father, and—and—"

Here Seabrook bursts out laughing, and I pause disconcerted.

"Go on, old boy," says my friend, biting his lips to smother his risible inclinations.—"Go on. You were speaking of the difficulties of your situation, and of the charms which *la belle Marguerite* inherits from—her father!"

"No jesting, I beg. The subject is a serious one, and I entered into it that I might be benefited by your advice, not mocked by your unseasonable pleasantries."

And hereupon I am so very grave and dignified that Seabrook holds out his hand and begs my pardon earnestly. So I continue.

"That she shall not remain in her present position I have quite determined, and I have many reasons why I should not wish to place her with my mother in Burgundy. She has no friends with whom I could even leave her as a boarder. Were she a child, or one of our own sex, the thing would be sufficiently easy; as it is, I know not what on earth to do!"

"Put her into a good school, not as a teacher but as a pupil. You can make as many arrangements for her comfort and indulgence as you please, and you would be providing her with a respectable home," says Seabrook, decisively.

"*Eh bien*—that would, perhaps, be as wise a course as any. Yet I do not much fancy placing her in a school. I do not fancy the restraint, the discipline, the want of friends and society to which she must be subject; and—"

"And, most thoughtful guardian, you do not fancy the separation! *La belle Marguerite* at school, *l'aimable Paul* on his travels—what a frightful idea!"

"Really, Seabrook," I exclaim, rising angrily, and pacing to and fro about the room, "if you mean this for a jest, it is neither appropriate nor generous. I asked your advice; and if you can give me no better than this, we had better drop the subject."

Seabrook leans back in his chair and looks after me with a quiet smile, so full of good-humor and friendliness that I already more than half forgive him.

"Now listen to me, Paul," he says, firmly, "and I will give you the best piece of advice in the world."

"Well?"

"The girl is virtuous, amiable, clever, is she not?"

"Eminently so."

"Good-looking!"

"I think so. You might not."

"Good. Now my advice is this:—put her into a first-rate finishing-school, and there leave her for a couple of years while you and I go together through France, and Italy, and 'tawny Spain.' Then come home and take her down to Burgundy, where you can portion her off to some worthy husband, 'an' it so please you.' Depend upon it, I counsel you wisely, *amico*. What, silent?"

"It needs consideration, Seabrook."

"Consider as long as you please, Paul. You will arrive at my opinion. What is there to be seen in this town?"

"There is the Cathedral of St. Gudule—the Hotel de Ville—some private galleries—the arcades—the theatre and the park."

"Well, to-day I am in the mood for neither pictures nor churches. Let us stroll out for awhile under the park trees. It is fearfully warm here!"

"So, arm in arm, we go forth together, and mingle with the tide of visitors who promenade read, embroider and converse in that most pleasant and fashionable resort of morning idlers. There are children floating their tiny crafts on the basin—schools demurely pacing the less crowded alleys—elderly financiers devouring the morning papers—aristocratic youths with elaborate waistcoats, eating ices within the precincts of Velloni's—sentimental couples seated in the grottoes down in the hollows—groups of ladies and gentlemen discussing last evening's soiree; and soldiers playing dominoes on the benches. The spectacle is animated and amusing, and the weather brilliant. Seabrook is in high spirits, and sees and enjoys all.

"*Voila!*" he says. "Do you see that lady with a face like the queen of spades, and her three *pane* daughters all dressed in red, like elderly flamingoes? I know them by sight, and have seen them in all the capitals of Europe, and they never can get husbands—it's impossible! Who is that saffron colored little man with the wooden leg and the white moustache? But I forget—you know nobody. What a pretty girl that is with the lavender bonnet; and, by Jove! there's a handsome fellow—no—not there—here, just in front of you! Stay, he'll turn presently. What a pair of shoulders! I'd bet you a five-franc piece that that man's English!"

He points to a gentleman walking a few paces in advance—a tall, well-made man, about six feet in height, with a profusion of curling light hair, an easy bearing, and that indescribable air of self possession that stamps good breeding. His back is turned to me; his head bent towards the ground, as if in thought; his hands buried in the pockets of his paletot.

My heart beats, though I know not why. He turns aside to watch some children at play upon the grass, and, for one instant I catch sight of that beautiful and familiar profile.

"Heavens!" I cry, pausing suddenly and seizing my companion by the arm. "It is my brother Theophile!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

FACES OLD AND NEW.

"Theophile! Theophile, my brother!"

I am close beside him now, with my hand upon his arm.

"How! Paul in Brussels! I thought you still in Heidelberg. But this is delightful! Have you been much, my brother? Are you well?"

"Quite well, Theophile. Quite well—and you?"

He looks so handsome and florid, and withal so happy, that I have no need to ask the question. This he tells me, laughing, and drawing my arm through his, is, in a few moments, chatting as freely and carelessly as when we were last together.

Seabrook, I may observe, has walked away and left us to our recognition undisturbed.

Of course my brother's first words are of the subject most distressing to my ears.

"I am the happiest husband," says he, "in France! I possess in Adrienne the very model of a wife. She receives visitors with the best air possible, is the belle of every soiree at which we are invited, and certainly dresses with a taste that is beyond all praise! Besides, she has the sweetest of tempers. I assure you, Paul, we have not differed since our day of betrothal! Truly I believe that we were destined for each other."

"And about Hauteville? Do the repairs progress?"

"Marvellously. Do you remember that little wood, scarcely five acres in extent, that lies to the right of the chateau, about half a mile from the house?"

"Yes. You mean that copse adjoining your domain?"

"I have bought it, *mon cher*, and am about to enclose it in my grounds. Laid out with winding paths and planted with wild flowers, it will form a charming promenade. It is my intention to place rustic seats here and there, and a little temple in the centre, dedicated to Love. The idea is good, is it not? As for the chateau, the repairs take longer than we thought. There are now twenty five workmen employed upon it; but, even so, we do not expect that it will be habitable before November, and that is too dreary a season for the country. So we propose to remain here for the summer, and then pass our winter in Paris. Adrienne has never been to Paris. Have you been long in Brussels?"

"About five or six weeks."

"Really! Is it tolerably full this year? Do you know any one?"

"Only my English friend with whom I became acquainted in Germany. As for the company, I believe that Brussels is very gay this season; but I never go into society, so do not take me for an authority."

"You must come and see Adrienne."

"I—I shall be most happy."

"Come directly. We are not far from the hotel, and I have nothing to do. She will be enchanted to see you! Stay—I forgot. I came out to see after a carriage. We must buy or hire one, and I believe there are very good carriage makers here. Can you direct me to one?"

"Recollect, Theophile, how little I know of such things. I could scarcely tell a cabriolet from a barouche, if I saw it. There stands my friend Seabrook—let me bring him here and introduce you. He can aid you, I dare say, as to the choice and fashion of your purchase."

"Excellent!"

So I signal to Seabrook where he stands beside the basin, and make the two known to each other. We then leave the park and stroll along the Rue Royale, seeking a coachbuilder's.

Suddenly Theophile pauses in front of a large white house, with the words "Hotel de France" inscribed along the front.

"This is where we are staying," he says, turning to me. Adrienne is within, and alone. Do go in and see her; it will be a charity. Monsieur Seabrook will, perhaps, kindly remain with me. Pray go up, Paul, if it be only for a quarter of an hour."

"Not now, not now," I exclaimed, nervously. "As we return, Theophile."

"And shall I tell Adrienne that our brother passed the door, and knew that she was there sad and alone? Bah, enter, Paul, and amuse her with some stories of thy travels."

Thus urged I yield, for Theophile is accustomed to rule everything just as he wishes; so I enter the lofty door, and ask for Madame Latour.

Madame Latour! How strange a name for Adrienne Lachapelle!

"Monsieur will have the goodness to mount to No. 5, *au premier*," says the waiter, bowing.

Arrived at the door, I pause and examine my own heart before I knock. Adrienne is within—Adrienne whom I loved, and from whose beauty I fled despairing! Does not my heart beat or my hand tremble? Is there no flush upon my brow—no fluttering of my breath—no sign or evidence of that love which exiled and tortured me, and cast the darkness of night upon the morning of my life? I am almost angry with myself that there is none of this. I cannot believe that the passion has burnt out—that I tread the ashes of a dead love—that Adrienne is no more to me than a pure, and lofty, and admirable woman, and *my brother's wife!* It seems, then, that mine was a boy's fantasy—a—Bah! a footstep on the stairs! I start, knock hurriedly, and before she has time to answer, open the door.

"Madame Latour!" It is all that I can say.

"My brother Paul!"

She had laid her book aside and risen as I entered. How beautiful, how radiant, how fair! I was not agitated; yet a strange feeling, like shame, tied my tongue, and I could scarce articulate the words of common compliment that were required by the moment, as I bowed over that delicate small hand, and touched it lightly with my lips.

"I had no idea of meeting you in Brussels, my good brother. Are you here *en route*, or for the season?"

"I scarcely know yet, madame. Circumstances will decide for me."

"Pray be seated. Have you met my husband?"

Her husband! The word jarred upon my nerves painfully, and I replied by a gesture of assent.

"How delighted he must have been to meet you! And he missed you so much when you left Burgundy."

"I can scarcely imagine that possible, madame, since you remained," I said, forcing a smile.

She looked up hastily and fixed her eyes full upon me. Mine fell beneath their gaze; but not before I had seen her color change, and a troubled expression flit across her face. Perhaps my mother——Ah, no! my mother would never have betrayed me!

"Where is Theophile?" asked Adrienne, changing the conversation, and affecting to glance along the columns of the morning paper.

"I left him with an English friend of mine—Mr. Seabrook. They are gone to purchase a carriage in the town."

"I have heard of Mr. Seabrook—that is, I have read of him in your letters. My husband gives me all his letters," (a pause.) "Stay, here is our arrival published among the list of 'distinguished visitors.' Listen! 'Arrived, at the Hotel de France, Monsieur and Madame Theophile Latour, of Latour-sur-Creil and Hauteville, Burgundy.' They have given us the honor of your estate in addition to our own, my good brother. How amusing!"

"I dare say you will think me very unfashionable, madame; but I confess that an announcement such as this, would annoy me very particularly. I should not wish all the idlers of a city or a watering-place to 'know the secret of my whereabouts;' and it seems to me that the half of a man's self-sovereignty is gone when his privacy of action is wrested from him by a miserable newsmonger in search of a paragraph."

"There is some justice in what you say," replied Adrienne. "But at the same time these announcements are useful. They bring friends and acquaintances together who must otherwise have trusted to chance for their meeting. Take our own case to-day for an instance. Had you not encountered your brother, the journal would have informed you not only of our presence, but of our address. But who is this?"

"Monsieur le Marquis de Courtrai!" said the waiter, throwing open the door, and, with great ceremony, ushering in a little, withered old gentleman, dressed in the extreme of youthful fashion, who advanced with a profusion of bows and smiles.

He was one of Monsieur Theophile's eldest Parisian friends—had known the dear boy for years—had been, indeed, the dear boy's *chaperon* on many occasions when he first left Burgundy. He had seen the announcement of their arrival in this morning's journal, and had hastened to be the first to welcome Monsieur Theophile and his charming lady to Brussels. He was charmed, proud, enchanted to make the acquaintance of madame; and he hoped that he might become the happy means of introducing her to the *agremens* of the city. In all respects wherein madame would condescend to make him useful, he was her slave.

All this was said with an air of antiquated gallantry, and in a strain of high flown compliment that I found particularly repulsive. Adrienne, however, received him with perfect tolerance and good breeding, and requested him to be seated and await the return of Theophile.—Whereat the marquis pressed his hand upon his laced shirt-front, and declared himself penetrated.

"Permit me," said Adrienne, glancing towards me, with a half suppressed smile. "Monsieur Latour—my husband's eldest brother."

The marquis bowed again, showed his false teeth, ran his jewelled fingers gracefully through the ringlets of his wig, and took a pinch of snuff from the depths of an enamelled box glittering with diamonds.

"What have we to see in Brussels, Monsieur le Marquis?" inquired Adrienne; "and what families are staying here at present?"

Monsieur le Marquis begged to assure madame that Brussels was just now in perfection. The Prince and Princess of Saxe Hohenhausen had been here for more than three weeks already; the Grand Duke of Zollenstrasse was expected daily at Laken; the Baron and Baroness de Montaignevert were at the Hotel de Bellevue, and the Count de Milleseurs at the Hotel de la Regence. Besides these, the Earl of Silvermere and family had just driven up to the doors of the Bellevue, and it was rumored that a venerable and distinguished duke, to whom the near vicinity of Waterloo could be suggestive only of the proudest reminiscences, might shortly be expected on a visit at the royal palace. As for amusements, madame might repose upon his assurances that she could not be *triste* or *ennui* in Brussels. He would make it his proudest duty to enliven the leisure hours of Theophile and his most beautiful and accomplished lady. There was an instrumental concert every evening at Vaileni's, in the park—exhibitions, soirees, fancy and court balls without number. And at the opera, three evenings in the week, a celebrated singer—Madame Vogelsang—with a ravishing voice. A *femme superbe*, a Juno, in fact; and quite the *furore* of Brussels.

"Monsieur le Marquis is an enthusiast, I perceive," said Adrienne, smiling.

Monsieur le Marquis ogled himself in an adjoining mirror, and simperingly avowed himself the slave of beauty. It had been his weakness, he said, as long as he could remember; and, judging from his general appearance, and from the variety of ingenious fictions to which he was indebted for his hair, teeth, complexion and figure, one might reasonably conjecture that the personal recollections of M. le Marquis extended over a considerable period of time.

At this moment the door opened, and Theophile entered alone.

"I could not persuade your friend to return with me, Paul," he said. Then, perceiving his visitor—"Monsieur de Courtrai, this is an honor which I had not expected. I will not ask after your health, for I see that you are well and young as ever."

There was a slight shade of sarcasm mingled with the respect and courtesy of my brother's welcome, which would have been observed only by those who knew him intimately. Adrienne instantly entered into it.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said she, with a fascinating glance and smile, "has been entertaining us with all the news of Brussels—the visitors, the society, and the theatre. The time has flown since his arrival."

"Monsieur le Marquis is famed for his judgment in all matters of fashionable interest, my dear," said Theophile, with another inclination to that gentleman; "and for his brilliant powers of conversation."

"Now, positively, it is too much," remonstrated the Peer, having recourse again to the enamelled snuff box. "I vow, Latour, that you make me blush, absolutely blush!" And he would have covered his face with his embroidered handkerchief, only that he dared not, for private and important reasons. "I was speaking," he continued, "of the Vogelsang."

"And who is 'the Vogelsang?'" asked Theophile.

"The Vogelsang, my boy, is the divinity of the Place de la Monnaie—the radiant star of the Belgian opera. She comes to us from Vienna and Frankfort, where every one is ravished—even as we are in Brussels. You must see her immediately, and madame also. I have a little box which is most entirely at your disposal, and in which I shall be charmed to see so distinguished a lady as madame!"

This polite offer is, after a brief hesitation, accepted with many acknowledgments for the following evening, and presently the Marquis de Courtrai takes his leave as ceremoniously as an ambassador, and drives away from the hotel in a purple chariot drawn by four horses, with a footman behind carrying a bouquet in his button hole.

"Who is that absurd little old gentleman?" asks Adrienne, as soon as he has left the room.

"This absurd little old gentleman, my love," replies Theophile, with an air of superb gravity, "is Polydore Emmanuel Hippolyte de Courtrai, Marquis de Courtrai, Comte de Santerelles, and Chevalier of the most noble Italian order of Santo Polchinello. A very great man, I assure you, and one whose genealogy dates from the reign of Clovis the Second."

"Not his genealogy, Theophile," I exclaim. "You surely mean himself!"

It is true, then, that I love her no longer! So surprised, nay, I might almost say so troubled, am I by this discovery, that I wander away restlessly out of the city and spend some hours amid the lanes and fields of Ixelles. Returning towards evening, I bend my steps in the direction of the Rue de Leopold, where Margaret has been expecting me these four hours past.

Oh, gentle Margaret! why is it that my troubles grow lighter as I arrive within sight of the roof which shelters thee, and whence comes this sweet and chastened feeling which, at the thought of thy fair image, streams down upon my heart like the pale radiance of the evening star! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

A WORD UPON GYMNASTICS.—Now that gymnastics are coming into fashion, it is well that they should not be overdone—especially so far as young people are concerned. And we therefore give a prominent place to the following, from the pen of Dr. Dixon of "The Scalpel." The Doctor says:

It has filled us with horror to see a proposal to add a gymnasium to every public school in this city. A boy, until he is fourteen, or even more, wants no exercise beside the plays he gets up with his associates in the open air; he will exercise from his natural impulse, and in the most rational and natural manner; so you need only give him a dry piece of ground, and a place to swim in in summer, and plenty of ice and snow in winter, and then leave him alone with his mates.

Boys from eight to twelve years of age, who work in the gymnasium regularly (a bad habit), often develope their muscles to a hideously ugly degree. Instead of the soft, plump, juicy outline of youth, we have the sinewy, overworked, hard and dry outline of an old man, induced by over exertion at an age which does not demand violent exercise of any kind; besides this, we think such processes are apt to retard the growing of boys, and will ultimately destroy their carriage and figure when they become men. Our readers may have observed the same thing, in the distorted appearance of the legs of some of our juvenile dancers.

Excessive exercise, besides injuring the mental faculties of man, has the tendency to injure the equal circulation of his blood. A stupid, ex-pugilistic, young fellow, who had for the last eight months undergone the most painful and exhausting exercises of the gymnasium, for five or six hours every day, reminded me of the smallness of his legs. On looking at him, I saw what I afterwards discovered to be prevalent among acrobats and members of the circus—a great falling off in the flesh from the knees downward, and from the elbows toward the fingers.

The editor of a paper called "The Scalpel," like the editor of "The Tomahawk," or "The Bowie Knife," is, of course, nothing if not sanguinary. Some allowance, therefore, must be made for the rather unnecessary pungency of the above article. But, after making this allowance, there will be found to be no inconsiderable portion of sober good sense in the remarks of Dr. Dixon. Gymnasiums, like almost everything else, may be abused; and those who most feel the importance of the physical development of themselves or their children, are those most likely to abuse them. The error of the simpleton who argued that if one pill was good for him, twenty would be twenty-times better, is to be found in other shapes continually in life. The convalescent, in haste to recover his health, thinks that if one mile's walk will promote his returning strength, two will do it twice as rapidly. And the father, anxious for his child's physical development, often is led to overtask his powers, and promote thus weakness and deformity, instead of beauty and strength.

But it does not "fill us with horror"—the proposition to attach a gymnasium to every public school in our large cities. We do not believe the general result would be a development of the boys' muscles to a "hideously ugly degree," unless the sport were made a toil of. Give the various means of exercise, and tell the boys to work just as long as they please, and no longer, and we think the result would be beauty and not deformity. Still, it is very well that the editor of the "Scalpel" has written as he has, for there is danger in the excess of gymnastics, as he has shown—and we do not want the juices and roses of youth dried up by excessive toil of any kind, especially the unproductive toil of a gymnasium.

A FAIR PROPOSAL UNFAIRLY TREATED.—Seven respectable physicians of this city, recently offered to take the entire charge of the Medical Department of the Almshouse, furnishing the medicines at their own expense, and thus saving to the city about $12,000 a year. The Guardians of the Poor, however, laid the generous proposal of these medical gentlemen upon the table, without a word of remark or of thanks, by a vote of two members in the affirmative—none voting in the negative.

This was a very singular proceeding. The only defence for it, which will bear to be stated, doubtless is that the physicians in question are Homœopathists—professors in the Hommpathic College. But would it not have been well for the Board of Guardians to have appointed a committee to take the proposal into consideration? Homœopathy may not be quite as good as Allopathy—but $12,000 also is no small consideration. And then, whatever may be said as to the relative merits of Homœopathy and Allopathy, a very large number of our citizens—and those among the most intelligent and cultivated—do patronize the former. Now it may reasonably be argued, that a system which a large number of our best citizens think good enough for them—and which is held in high esteem even by kings and princes—might at least be worth a trial for our Philadelphia paupers; if the end to be gained was a yearly saving of some $12,000. Without expressing any preference ourselves between the two systems, we may say that considering the proposed saving of $12,000 a year, we think the Board of Guardians were bound to give the disciples of Hahnemann a fair trial. If the paupers were so implacably averse to the new treatment that they would not submit to take the "powders," of course they could go elsewhere for larger doses. Or, if it were found that the ratio of disease and death in the almshouse increased under the Homœopathic practice, the old and expensive regime could be reinstated. But if $12,000 a year are to be saved by giving the Homœopathists a trial, we think the Board of Guardians cannot fairly refuse to do it. For that matter, very probably the mere manifestation of an intention to consider the proposition, would have brought a similar proposal from some one of our Allopathic colleges, and resulted in a great saving of money to the city treasury.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—"Cyrus the Great," as Mr. Cyrus Field was dubbed, when it was known that the cable was really laid, and before it was found out that it would not work, is at it again, with commendable zeal and perseverance. The indomitable Cyrus says that the Atlantic Company have decided to make the conductor of the next cable consist of six copper wires, twisted, and of about six times the size of the old cable. There will be no outside covering of iron wire, except a few hundred miles on each end. The new cable is to be laid down, guaranteed in all respects, and expected to be in order for business early next summer. It is supposed that as soon as the new cable is laid, the sagacious authorities of New York will have a second celebration, more splendid than the first, at which not only the City Hall, but some half-dozen other public buildings shall be consumed as a bonfire. Our Philadelphia authorities contemplate waiting a few days this time, before they follow with a similar celebration.—Now is the time for all our wise men to show that they really are prophets, or the contrary, by predicting the success or failure of the new enterprise. Where is the Washington oracle, who says the cable never will work if laid—does he adhere to that opinion still? Now is the hour for all the prophets to speak, or else hereafter hold their peace. We want no "I told you so's" after the enterprise succeeds, or fails.

COLLIER'S SHAKESPEARE.—The weight of opinion in England seems to be against the authenticity of the manuscript notes upon which Collier's famous emendations of Shakspeare were based—the charge that the corrections are of comparatively recent date being generally considered proven. Poor Collier seems to have had "his labor for his pains," though he still insists upon the antiquity of the manuscript corrections.

RAISING CONSUMPTION.—Recent advices from the Indimnx say that the excitement relative to the Chinese golden images is "dying away,"—and that "people are flocking to the grave diggings from all directions." It is further said that a Land Company, whose stockholders are to be found principally in this city and Baltimore, is interested in spreading the reports. Of one fact, however, there seems to be no doubt, that golden images have been found in the Indian graves, in considerable quantities. Whether it will pay an adventurer to risk his life in the unhealthy climate of that region, is a question that every man must decide for himself—the value he sets upon his life being an important element in the calculation. Our own opinion is, that going either to Pike's Peak or to Chiriqui, is much better than committing suicide, as an unfortunate gentleman, pecuniarily embarrassed, did in this city last week.

"AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOR."—The last *London Punch* has an engraving of a Firework Factory, the proprietor of which is a certain Monsieur L. Nap. Mr. Bull, who keeps a Roast Beef House next door, is indignantly addressing Monsieur L. Nap, who appears posting a large show bill in front of his factory, with the significant words "Blazes of Triumph—Roman Candles—Italian Fire," upon it. Mr. Bull, who is holding in his hand his increased income tax bill, exclaims:—

"Here have I got to pay double *insurance*, all along of your confounded fireworks!"

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

A COUNTRY READER. "Is ice-cream good?" What a question! "Good?" Isn't it good! But that is not what you mean, and we will not poke fun at you. You mean to ask is ice-cream injurious to the health. We are of the opinion—and the gratified confectioners and saloon-keepers will cordially agree with us—that ice cream is not injurious to the health—that is, under fair conditions. In other words, you should not devour a whole freezer full at one sitting, unless you wish to experience some internal inconvenience, in which case you can rest satisfied that your means have been admirably adapted to your end. Nor should you bolt ice cream when you are overheated by walking, running, dancing, or any other exercise. In a word, have common sense on this as on other subjects. Physicians generally, we believe, are not opposed to ice-cream, and some of them we know are accustomed to prescribe it to their patients and friends. One we remember, who goes so far as to advise mothers to administer it to babes of three months old—which makes us smile dubiously, though we suppose it is all right, since all doctors must be wise, or else how could they get their diplomas? Certainly, we never heard of anybody dying of ice-creams, though we recollect hearing young ladies announce that they were dying for want of them, a catastrophe which was fortunately averted—as long may it be!—by the devotion of the young gentlemen present, who promptly bore the sufferers to neighboring saloons, from whence they returned in a high state of convalescence.

A. B. Sardinia did not form a portion of ancient Italy. The character of the Sardinians is unlike that of the Central and Southern Italians—being more reflective, less impulsive, and therefore better fitted for constitutional government. Until the time of Augustus, Italia proper was understood to extend only as far as the Rubicon on one side, and the Magra on the other; the rest was called Cisalpine Gaul, the country of the Veneti and Ligaria. To properly understand the complications of the "Italian Question," as it is called, requires a great deal of study, as these complications have their origin in the history of long centuries ago. It is not possible to solve such difficulties by the abstract rule of right alone, for any settlement of affairs, however correct in the abstract, that does not take into account existing facts, feelings and prejudices, would prove unsatisfactory to all parties. Wise statesmanship consists in approaching as nearly as possible to the abstractly just and right. The Saviour said, that Moses gave their loose law of divorce to the Jews, not because of its being the best law on the subject, but "because of the hardness of their hearts." That is, he gave them the best law they were capable of following; to have given them a better, would have been simply to throw pearls before swine, they would have trampled it under their feet, and then turned their violence upon him. The only good that man is generally required to do, is the *practicable* good. A correct understanding of what is practicable, is what distinguishes the wise and liberal reformer, from the foolish conservative on the one hand, and the equally foolish, though more pardonable utopian on the other. As to Italy, to attempt to prescribe for her from the American point of view, would be folly—the peculiarities of her own mental and moral constitution, the habits of thought and ideas of government which are a part of her very nature, should be duly considered.

PHRENOLOGY. Of course there is truth in phrenology, so far as its leading principles are concerned. Idiots bear unmistakeable evidence in the size and shape of their heads to the fact that the brain is the organ of the thinking part of man. "A man of brains" has passed into the current language of the people, as synonymous with a man of unusual mental power. Doubtless, too, the phrenological rule is correct, that size, *other things being equal*, is the measure of power. But the difficulty in making any practical application of this rule, is in ascertaining whether other things are equal. Many a nonentity has a larger head and brain than Lord Byron or Chief Justice Marshall had—and we have no doubt that there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of undistinguished men in the country now, with heads as large, if not larger than Daniel Webster's. But the *quality* of the brain is of as much, perhaps more importance than the quantity. Now it is impossible to determine as to the quality of a man's brains, in any other way than by their intellectual manifestations. Thus we argue that Lord Byron, having a small head, and possessing undeniably a remarkable intellect, must have had a brain of very fine quality. As to size, therefore, being a measure of power, all we can say is, that if Lord Byron had had a larger amount of brain, of equally good quality, he would have manifested even greater intellectual power. We may further remark, that the superior size of the head is not necessarily a proof of a superior amount of brain. For instance, one brain may be of finer texture, and more finely knit together, than another which occupies a larger space. Byron thus may have had in his small head, a very large amount of closely packed brain. The result we reach is, that the amount and quality of brain a man possesses, can only be judged by his mental manifestations. The same must be judged by its effects. A rifled cannon looks very insignificant by the side of a huge battering ram—but when we contrast the effects of the two in battering down gentle walls, our respect for one greatly diminishes, for the other greatly increases. Some years ago, when phrenology was the rage in many circles, certain gentlemen and ladies made quite an intellectual reputation for themselves, merely on the strength of their large and expansive foreheads. But as the months and years passed on, and these individuals never made any other remarkable mental demonstration than the constant brushing back of the hair from their "intellectual brows," their reputations for uncommon intellect began gradually to wane. To this day probably it is a cause of honest wonder to some of these, why they never have distinguished themselves in any way—and they have half-resolved probably, to bring an action against Dame Nature and George Combe for false appearances and broken promises. In conclusion, there is one safe rule whereby to judge of any man's ability—if he says and does both wise and witty things, you may set him down, without a very close scrutiny of his head, as not much of a fool.

O. Our correspondent certainly has not read our markets attentively, or he would not say that, in our cattle market, we only give the price of beeves. We give the price of sheep and hogs also, whenever any are sold. If there happen to be no sales, of course we cannot report them. The Drove Yards are west of the Schuylkill. Our other markets are corrected weekly with great care, and are, we believe, about the best price lists printed. We go to press as early as possible every week, and the markets are as late as we can procure them. If there are any papers that print the same markets over and over, for weeks at a time, THE POST is not of the number.

EMILY. Do not lay too much stress upon outward demonstrations of affection; boa constrictors are said to be the most affectionate of creatures in one respect, being always ready to *embrace* everybody. There are many gentlemen equally affectionate, and whose embraces should be equally recoiled from. It is the experience of the world, that where there is much profession, there is apt to be very little sincerity. This rule holds good in love as well as in religion. The man who is always talking about the love he bears either his earthly or his heavenly master, is apt to be a hypocrite—and so with the man who is full of protestations towards his lady love. Deep water runs still; it is the shallow stream that is continually prating.

ARTEMUS. Yes, it is a curious world. Sometimes as sweet to us mortals as sugar, at other times as sour as lemon juice. At one time, every thing we touch prospers; at other times everything goes wrong and crooked. It heaps upon some so much wealth that their only trouble is how to invest it; and denies to others even enough for their frugal wants. And yet there often seems to be, when we investigate closely, a curious method in this apparent caprice and madness. Often it seems as if every man received just that allotment of riches or poverty that was best for him—best calculated to test him, or to improve him. At other times, the philosopher must grant, either that the problem is too deep for solution—or there is no problem at all. The true philosopher, however, always will prefer to believe, that the fault in such cases is in his own want of perception, rather than in the fact itself. In an universe where he sees so much law, and so little chance, he will not be disposed to believe he has found a medley, but that it is only a labyrinth to which he has not yet gained the clue.

THE SEWERAGE OF LONDON.—The system of sewerage recently undertaken in London, is on a scale of great magnificence. It consists of three gigantic main tunnels, at different levels, which intercept the existing sewers at right angles, thus receiving all their contents formerly emptied into the river, and conveying them parallel with the banks of the river about eight miles to Barking, where an immense *reservoir* is to be prepared to receive them. The reservoir is to be a mile and a half long, by about 100 feet wide, and 21 feet deep, capable of containing no less than 7,000,000 cubic feet, or double the average of eight hours' accumulation of sewage. The object of the narrowness of the reservoir, compared with its length is to admit of its being bricked over with arches, and covered with earth, so as to prevent the escape of foul gases. During the time the sewage is in this reservoir it is to be deodorized, and experiments are now going on to ascertain the best method of doing this. At high tide the contents of the reservoir will be emptied into the river by immense outfall pipes extending to the middle and bottom of its bed, sixty feet below the surface. It is believed that with these precautions, the sewage, after deodorization, being poured into so vast a body of water, at so great a depth, will cease to be any longer an agent of mischief.

These works are now going on with great rapidity and in the most thorough and profuse manner, and it will take about five years to complete them. The works on the southern side of the city, of which we have seen no particulars, are said to be yet more extraordinary for the difficulties to be overcome and the engineering genius applied to them. The expense of this splendid public work will be about £4,000,000.

THE MAD STONE.—We condense the following article from the Linn county (Iowa) Register:—

"The Rev. Mr. Cleghorn, of Cower's Ferry, Cedar county, had one of his sons bitten by a mad dog on the 2nd inst., and also the horse upon which the boy was riding at the time. Having seen the account which was published a few days ago of the "mad stone" in the possession of Mr. Evans, of Paris, in this county, he immediately started thither with his boy and horse. The stone was soaked in warm milk and water, and then applied to the wound. It adhered with great tenacity—so much so as to cause intense pain for a few minutes. After a short time it seemed to fill itself and dropped off. After being submersed, in the milk and water again—during which a green, offensive scum would arise from the stone—it was again applied. After the fourth time it would not adhere any more, and Mr. Evans pronounced him cured. It was then applied to the wound on the horse, to which it adhered three times only. To make sure of the matter however, Mr. C. remained over night, and tried it again in the morning, but it would have no effect on either the boy or the horse. It seems to be a fact well attested that this stone will not adhere to any wound not made by a rabid animal, and if so, must confound the wisdom of the most philosophical."

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The Chinese have a temple in San Francisco, which cost $20,000, and have imported an idol from China at a cost of $30,000. It is the image of a man who figured in China three hundred years ago, and was a great statesman and warrior, as one said, "like your Washington." The only efforts in California to Christianize the Chinese are by the Methodists at Sacramento. The law prohibiting Chinamen from coming to the State is pronounced unconstitutional, and their number, now 60,000, is rapidly increasing. We believe there is no law in this Union for doing the violation of the first of the "Ten Commandments."

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Never Too Late to Mend," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

One bright morning unwonted velvet shone, unwonted feathers waved, and horses' hoofs glinted and rang through the streets of Tergou, and the windows and balconies were studded with wondering faces. The French Ambassador was riding through to sport in the neighboring forest.

Besides his own suite he was attended by several servants of the Duke of Burgundy, lent to do him honor and minister to his pleasure. The duke's tumbler rode before him with a grave, sedate majesty, that made his more noble companions seem light, frivolous persons. But ever and anon, when respect and awe neared the oppressive, he rolled off his horse so ignobly and funnily that even the ambassador was fain to burst out laughing. He also climbed up again by the tail in a way provocative of mirth, and so he played his part. Towards the tail of the pageant, rode one that excited more attention still—the duke's leopard. A huntsman mounted on a Flemish horse of prodigious size and power carried a long box fastened to the rider's loins by straps curiously contrived, and on this box sat a huge leopard crouching. She was chained to the huntsman. The people admired her glossy hide and spots, and pressed near, and one or two were for feeling her, and pulling her tail; then the huntsman shouted, in a terrible voice:

"Beware! At Antwerp one did but throw a handfull of dust at her, and the duke made dust of him."

"Gramercy!"

"I speak sooth. The good duke shut him up in prison, in a cell under ground, and the rats cleaned the flesh off his bones in a night. Served him right, for molesting the poor thing!"

There was a murmur of fear, and the Tergovians shrank from tickling the leopard of their sovereign.

But an incident followed that raised their spirits again. The duke's giant, a Hungarian seven feet four inches high, brought up the rear. This enormous creature had, like some other giants, a treble, flaty voice of little power. He was a vain fellow, and not conscious of this or any defect. Now it happened he caught sight of Giles sitting on the top of the balcony; she stopped and began to make fun of him.

'Hallo, brother!" squeaked he, "I had nigh passed without seeing thee!"

'You are plain enough to see," bellowed Giles, in his bass tones.

Come on my shoulder, brother," squeaked Tim, and he held out a shoulder of mutton fist to help him down.

If I do I'll cuff your ears," roared the dwarf.

The giant saw the homuncule was irascible, and played upon him, being encouraged thereto by the shouts of laughter. He did not see that the people were laughing not at his wit, but at the ridiculous incongruity of the two voices—the gigantic feeble fife, and the petty, deep, loud rum, the mountain delivered of a squeak and the mole-hill belching thunder.

The singular duet came to as singular an end. Giles at all patience and self-command, and being creature devoid of fear, and in a rage to boot, he actually dropped upon the giant's neck, dived his hair with one hand, and punched his head with the other. The giant's first impulse was to laugh, but the weight and rapidity of the blows speedily corrected that inclination.

"He's o! Ah! ha! hallo! oh! oh! Holy saints! me! help! or I must throttle the imp. I can't! b, Lord! I'll split your skull against the—" al he made a wild run backwards at the balcony.

Giles saw his danger, seized the balcony in time with both hands, and whipped over it just as the giant's head came against it with a stunning sock. The people roared with laughter and exultation at the address of their little champion. The indignant giant seized two of the laughers, knocked them together like dumb bells, shoc them and strewed them flat—(Catherine shrieked and threw her apron over Giles)—then strode wrathfully away after the party. This incident had consequences no one then present foresaw; it made Mr. Giles a companion of princes. Its immediate results were agreeable. The Tergovians turned proud of him, and after this listened with more affability to his prayers for parchment. For Giles drove a regular trade with his brother Gerard in this article. That is to say, he went about, and begged it gratis, and Gerard gave him coppers for it.

On the afternoon of the same day, Catherine and her daughter were chatting together about their favorite theme, Gerard, his goodness, his beauties, and the brightened prospects of the whole family.

Their good luck had come to them in the very shape they would have chosen; besides the advantages of a benefice such as the Countess Chasiots would not disdain to give, there was the feminine delight at having a priest, a holy man, in their own family. He will marry Cornelis and Sybrandt; for they can marry (good housewives) now, if they will.

"Gerard will take care of you and Giles, when we're gone. Yes, mother, and we can confess to him instead of to a stranger," said Kate.

"Ay, girl, and he can give the sacred oil to your father and me, and close our eyes, when our time comes."

"Oh no her! not for many, many years, I do pray Heaven. Pray don't speak of that, it always makes me sad. I hope I shall go before you, mother, dear. No! let us be gay to-day. I am out of pain, mother—quite out of all pain; it does seem so strange: and I feel so bright and happy, that—mother, can you keep a secret?"

"Nobody better, child. Why, you know I can."

"Then I will show you something so beautiful. You never saw the like, I trow. Only Gerard must never know; for I am sure he means to surprise us with it, he covers it up so, and sometimes he carries it away altogether."

Kate took her crutches, and moved slowly away, leaving her mother in an exalted state of curiosity. She soon returned with something in a cloth, uncovered it, and there was a lovely picture of the Virgin, with all her insignia and wearing her tiara over a wealth of beautiful hair, which flowed loose over her shoulders. Catherine, at first, was struck with awe.

"It is herself!" she cried; "it is the Queen of Heaven! I never saw one like her to my mind before."

"And her eyes, mother! lifted to Heaven, as if they belonged there, and not to a mortal creature. And her beautiful hair of burning gold."

"And to think I have a son that can make the saints live again upon a piece of wood!"

"The reason is, he is a young saint himself, mother. He is too good for this world; he is here to portray the blessed, and then to go away and be with them for ever."

Ere they had half done admiring it, a strange voice was heard at the door. By one of the furtive instincts of their sex they hastily hid the picture in the cloth, though there was no need. And the next moment in came, casting his eyes furtively around, a man that had not entered the house this ten years—Ghysbrecht Van Swieten.

The two women were so taken by surprise, that they merely stared at him and at one another, and said, "The Burgomaster!" in a tone so expressive, that Ghysbrecht felt compelled to answer it.

"Yes! I own, the last time I came here was not on a friendly errand. Men love their own interest—Gerard's and mine were contrary. Well, let this visit atone the last. To-day, I come on your business, and none of mine." Catherine and her daughter exchanged a swift glance of contemptuous incredulity. They knew the man better than he thought. "It is about your son Gerard."

"Ay! ay! you want him to work for the town—for nothing. He told us."

"I came on no such errand. It is to let you know he has fallen into bad hands."

"Now Heaven and the saints forbid! Man, torture not a mother! Speak out, and quickly; speak ere you have time to coin falsehood; we know you."

Ghysbrecht turned pale at this affront, and spite mingled with the other motives that brought him here.

"Thus it is, then," said he, grinding his teeth, and speaking very fast. "Your son, Gerard is more like to be a father of a family than a priest; he is for ever with Margaret, Peter Brandt's red-haired girl, and loves her like a cow her calf."

Mother and daughter both burst out laughing. Ghysbrecht stared at them.

"What, you knew it?"

"Carry this tale to those who know not my son Gerard. Women are nought to him."

"Other women, mayhap. But this one is the apple of his eye to him, or will be, if you part them not, and soon. Come, dame, don't make me waste time and friendly counsel: my servant has seen them together a score times, handed, and reading babies in one another's eyes like—you know, dame—you have been young too."

"Kate, I am ill at ease. Yes, I have been young, and know how blind and foolish the young are. My heart! He has turned me sick in a moment. Oh, Kate, if it should be true!"

"No, no!" cried Kate, eagerly. "Gerard might love a young woman: all young men do: I can't think what they see in them to love so: but if he did he would let us know: he would not deceive us. You wicked man; you will kill my mother. No, dear mother, don't look so! Gerard is too good to love a creature of earth. His love is for our lady and the saints. Ah! I will show you the picture: if his heart was earthly could he paint the Queen of Heaven like that—look! look!" and she held the picture out triumphantly, and more radiant and beautiful in this moment of enthusiasm than ever dead picture was or will be, overpowered the Burgomaster with her eloquence and her feminine proof of Gerard's purity. His eyes and mouth opened, and remained open: in which state they kept turning, face and all, as if on a pivot, from the picture to the women, and from the women to the picture.

"Why, it is herself!" he gasped.

"Isn't it?" cried Kate, and her hostility was softened. "You admire it? I forgive you for frightening us."

"Am I in a mad-house?" said Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, thoroughly puzzled. "You show me a picture of the girl; and you say he painted it; and that is a proof he cannot love her. Why they all paint their sweethearts, painters do."

"A picture of the girl!" exclaimed Kate, shocked. "Fie! this is not a girl: this is the Virgin Mary."

"No, no; it is Margaret Brandt."

"Oh blind! It is the Queen of Heaven."

"No; only of Sevenbergen village."

"Profane man! behold her crown!"

"Silly child! look at her red-hair!"

"Would the Virgin be seen in red hair? She who had the pick of all the colors ten thousand years before the world began?"

At this moment an anxious face was insinuated round the edge of the open door: it was their neighbor Peter Buysken.

"What is to do?" said he in a cautious whisper. "We can hear you all across the street. What on earth is to do?"

"Oh, neighbor! What is to do? Why here is the Burgomaster blackening my Gerard."

"Stop!" cried Van Swieten. "Peter Buysken is come in the nick of time. He knows father and daughter both. They cursed him of the coile. Here, Peter, who is that? Now, be silent, women, for one moment, if you can. Who is that?"

Peter gave a start. "Well, to be sure!" was all his reply.

"Who is it?" repeated Ghysbrecht, impetuously.

Peter Buysken smiled. "Why you know as well as I do: but what have they put a crown on her for. I never saw her in a crown, for my part."

"Man alive! Can't you open your great jaws, and just speak a wench's name to oblige these people?"

"I'd do a great deal more to oblige one of you than that, Burgomaster. If it isn't as natural as life!"

"Curse the man! he won't, he won't—curse him!"

"Why, what have I done, now?"

"Oh, sir!" said little Kate, "for pity's sake tell us; are these the features of one Margaret Brandt?"

"A mirror is not truer, my little maid."

"But is it she, sir, for very certain?"

"Why, don't I tell you it is."

"Now, why couldn't you say so at once," snarled Ghysbrecht.

"I did say so, as plain as I could speak," snapped Peter; and they growled over this small bone of contention so zealously, that they did not see Catherine and her daughter had thrown their aprons over their heads, and were rocking to and fro in deep distress. The next moment, Gerard senior came in, and stood aghast. Catherine, though her face was covered, knew his footstep directly.

"That is my poor man," she sobbed. "Tell him, good Peter Buysken, for I have not the courage to."

Gerard turned pale. The presence of the Burgomaster in his house, after so many years of coolness, coupled with his wife's and daughter's distress, made him fear some heavy misfortune.

"Richart! Jacob!" he gasped.

"No! no!" said the Burgomaster; "it is nearer home, and nobody is dead or dying, old friend."

"God bless you, Burgomaster! Ah; something is gone off my breast that was like to choke me. Now, what is the matter?"

Ghysbrecht then told him all that he told the women, and showed the picture in evidence.

"Is that all?" said Gerard. "What are ye roaring and bellowing for? It is vexing, it is angering, but it is not like death nor even sickness. Boys will be boys. He will outgrow that disease: 'tis but skin deep."

But when Ghysbrecht told him that Margaret was a girl of good character; that it was not to be supposed she would be so intimate if marriage had not been spoken of between them, Gerard's brow darkened.

"Marriage? that shall never be," said he, sternly. "I'll stay that, ay, by force if need be, as I would his hand lifted to cut his throat. I'd do what old John Koestein did t'other day."

"And what is that, in Heaven's name?" asked the mother, suddenly removing her apron.

It was the Burgomaster who replied:

"He made me shut young Albert Koestein up in the prison of the Stadthouse till he knocked under: it was not long. Forty-eight hours, all alone, on bread and water, cooled his hot stomach. 'Tell my father I am his humble servant,' says he, 'and let me into the sun once more—the sun is worth all the wenches in the world.'"

"Oh, the cruelty of men!" sighed Catherine.

"As to that, the Burgomaster has no choice: it is the law. And if a father says, 'Burgomaster, lock up my son,' he must do it. A fine thing it would be if a father might not lock up his own son."

"Well, well! it won't come to that with me and my son. He never disobeyed me in his life: he never shall. Where is he? It is past supper time. Where is he, Kate?"

"Alas, I know not, father."

"I know," said Ghysbrecht; "he is at Sevenbergen. My servant met him on the road."

Supper passed in gloomy silence. Evening descended—no Gerard: eight o'clock came—no Gerard. Then the father sent all to bed except Catherine.

"You and I will walk abroad, wife, and talk over this new care."

"Abroad, Gerard, at this time! Whither?"

"Why on the road to Sevenbergen."

"Oh, no, no hasty words, father! Poor Gerard! he never vexed you before."

"Fear me not. But it must end; and I am not one that trusts to morrow with to-day's work."

The old couple walked hand in hand; for, strange as it may appear to some of my readers, the use of the elbow to couples walking was never discovered in Europe till centuries after this. They walked a long time in silence. The night was clear and balmy. Such nights, calm and silent, recall the past from the dead.

"It is a many years since we walked so late, my man," said Catherine, softly.

"Ay, sweetheart, more than we shall see again. (Is he never coming, I wonder?")

"Not since our courting days, Gerard."

"No. Ay, you were a buxom lass then."

"And you were a comely lad, as ever a girl's eye stole a look at. I do suppose Gerard is with her now, as you used to be with me. Nature is strong, and the same in all our generations."

"Nay, I hope he has left her by now, confound her, or we shall be here all night."

"Gerard!"

"Well?"

"I have been happy with you, sweetheart, for all our rubs,—much happier, I trow, than if I had—been—a—a—nun. You won't speak harshly to the poor child? One can be firm without being harsh."

"Surely."

"Have you been happy with me, my poor Gerard?"

"Why, you know I have. Friends I have known, but none like you. Buss me, wife!"

"A heart to share joy and grief with is a great comfort to man or woman. Isn't it?"

"It is so, my lass.

"'It doth joy double,
And halveth trouble,'

runs the bye-word. Ah! here comes the young fool."

Catherine trembled and held her husband's hand tight. The moon was bright, but they were in the shadow of some trees, and their son did not see them. He came singing in the moonlight, and his face shining.

CHAPTER X.

While the Burgomaster was exposing Gerard at Tergou, Margaret had a trouble of her own at Sevenbergen. It was a housewife's distress, but deeper than we can well conceive. She came to Martin Wittenhagen, the old soldier, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Martin, there's nothing in the house, and Gerard is coming, and he is so thoughtless. He forgets to sup at home. When he puts down work, then he runs to me straight, poor soul: and often he comes here quite faint. And to think I should have nothing to set before my servant that loves me so dear."

Martin scratched his head.

"What can I do?"

"It is Thursday: it is your day to shoot,—sooth to say, I counted on you to-day."

"Nay," said the soldier, "I may not shoot when the duke or his friends are at the chase: read else. I am no scholar." And he took out of his pouch a parchment with a grand seal. It purported to be a stipend and a license given by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, to M. W., one of his archers, in return for services in the wars, and for a wound received at the duke's side. The stipend was four merks yearly to be paid by the duke's almoner, and the license was to shoot three arrows once a week, viz., on Thursday, and no other day, in any of the duke's forests in Holland, at any game but a seven year old buck or a doe carrying fawn, proviso that the duke should not be hunting on that day, or any of his friends. In this case Martin was not to go and disturb the woods on peril of his salary and head, &c.

Margaret sighed and was silent.

"Come, cheer up, mistress," said he, "for your sake I'll peril my carcass: I have done that for many a one that was not worth your fore-finger. It is no such mighty risk either. I'll but step into the skirts of the forest, here. It is odds but they drive a hare or a fawn within reach of my arrow."

"Martin, if I let you go you must promise me not to go far, and not to be seen; far better Gerard went supperless than ill should come to you, faithful Martin."

The required promise given, Martin took his bow and three arrows, and stole cautiously into the wood: it was scarce a furlong distant. The horns were heard faintly in the distance, and all the game was afoot. Come, thought Martin, I shall soon fill the pot, and no one be the wiser. He took his stand behind a thick oak that commanded a view of an open glade, and strung his bow—a truly formidable weapon. It was of English yew, six feet two inches high, and thick in proportion; and Martin, broad chested, with arms all iron and cord, and used to the bow from infancy, could draw a three-foot arrow to the head, and when it flew, the eye could scarce follow it, and the bow-string twanged as musical as a harp. This bow had laid many a stout soldier low in the wars of the Hoecks and Cabbel-jaws. In those days a battle-field was not a cloud of smoke; the combatants were few, but the deaths many; for they saw what they were about, and fewer bloodless arrows flew than bloodless bullets now. This tremendous weapon Martin now levelled at a hare. She came cantering, then sat sprightly, and her ears made a capital V. The arrow flew, the string twanged; but Martin had been in a hurry to pot her, and lost her by an inch; the arrow seemed to strike her, but it struck the ground close to her, and passed under her belly like a flash, and hissed along the short grass and disappeared. She jumped three feet perpendicular, and away at the top of her speed. "Bungler!" said Martin. A sure proof he was not an habitual bungler, or he would have blamed the hare. He had scarcely fitted another arrow to his string when a wood-pigeon settled on the very tree he stood under. Aha! thought he, you are small, but dainty. This time he took more pains; drew his arrow carefully, loosed it smoothly, and saw it, to all appearance, go clean through the bird, carrying feathers skyward like dust. Instead of falling at his feet, the bird, whose breast was torn, not fairly pierced, fluttered feebly away, and, by a great effort, rose above the trees, flew some fifty yards, and fell dead at last; but where he could not see for the thick foliage.

"Luck is against me," said he, despondently. But he fitted another arrow, and eyed the glade keenly. Presently he heard a bustle behind him, and turned round just in time to see a noble buck cross the open, but too late to shoot at him. He dashed his bow down with an imprecation. At that moment a long, spotted animal glided swiftly across after the deer; its belly seemed to touch the ground as it went. Martin took up his bow hastily, he recognized the duke's leopard. "The hunters will not be far from her," said he, "and I must not be seen."

He plunged into the wood, following the buck and leopard, for that was his way home. He had not gone far when he heard an unusual sound ahead of him—leaves rustling violently, and the ground trampled. An experienced huntsman, he suspected the cause, and hurried in the direction. He found the leopard on the buck's back, tearing him with teeth and claw, and the buck running in a circle and bounding convulsively, with the blood pouring down his hide. Then Martin formed a desperate resolution to have the venison for Margaret. He drew his arrow to the head, and buried it in the deer, who, spite of the creature on his back, bounded high into the air, and fell dead. The leopard went on teasing him as if nothing had happened.

Martin hoped that the creature would gorge itself with blood, and then let him take the venison. He waited some minutes, then walked resolutely up, and laid his hand on the buck's leg. The leopard gave a frightful growl, and left off sucking blood. She saw Martin's game, and was sulky and on her guard. What was to be done? Martin had heard that wild creatures cannot stand the human eye. Accordingly he stood erect and fixed his on the leopard: the leopard returned a savage glance, and never took her eye off Martin. Then Martin, continuing to look the beast down, soon obtained an actual instead of a conventional result. The leopard flew at his head with a frightful yell, flaming eyes, and jaws and claws distended. He had but just time to catch her by the throat before her teeth could crush his face; one of her claws seized his shoulder and rent it, the other, aimed at his cheek, would have been more deadly still, but Martin was old-fashioned, and wore no hat but a scapulary of the same stuff as his jerkin, and this scapulary he had brought over his head like a hood; the brute's claw caught in the loose leather. Martin kept her teeth off his face with some difficulty, and griped her throat fiercely, and she kept rending his shoulder. It was like blunt reaping hooks grinding and tearing. The pain was fearful; but, instead of cowing the old soldier, it put his blood up, and he gnashed his teeth with rage almost as fierce as hers, and squeezed her neck with iron force. The two pair of eyes blazed at one another—and now the man's were almost as furious as the brute's. She found he was throttling her, and made a wild attempt to free herself, in which she dragged his cowl all over his face and blinded him, and tore her claw out of his shoulder, flesh and all; but still he throttled her with hand and arm of iron. Presently her long tail, that was high in the air, went down, and her body lost its elasticity, and he held a choked and powerless thing; he griped it still till all motion ceased, then dashed it to the earth; then, panting, removed his cowl; the leopard lay still at his feet with tongue protruding and bloody paw; and for the first time terror fell on Martin. "I am a dead man; I have slain the duke's leopard." He hastily seized a few handfuls of leaves and threw them over her; then shouldered the buck and staggered away, leaving a trail of blood all the way—his own and the buck's. He burst into Peter's house a horrible figure, bleeding and blood-stained, and flung the deer's carcass down.

"There, no questions," said he, "but broil me a steak of it; for I am faint."

Margaret did not see he was wounded; she thought the blood was all from the deer.

She busied herself at the fire, and the stout soldier stanched and bound his own wound apart, and soon he and Gerard and Margaret were supping royally on broiled venison.

They were very merry; and Gerard, with wonderful thoughtfulness, had brought a flask of Schiedam, and under its influence Martin revived, and told them how the venison was got, and thence to the feats of his youth.

Their mirth was suddenly interrupted. Margaret's eye became fixed and fascinated, and her cheek pale with fear. She gasped, and could not speak, but pointed to the window with trembling finger. Their eyes followed hers, and there in the twilight crouched a dark form with eyes like glowworms.

It was the leopard! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Sea Serpent.—The Yarmouth Register says that the far-famed sea-serpent has lately visited that port, and was chased up a narrow creek and caught. He turned out to be a horse mackerel, measuring over eight feet in length and weighing three hundred and sixteen pounds. The Register says:

"It is the opinion of experienced fishermen that this is the fish which has given rise to the belief in a sea-serpent. When it is running at its ordinary speed in search of prey, it moves along just under the surface of the water, producing a wave which rises up in a series of corrugations for about one hundred feet in a straight line, before it falls off into the ordinary spreading wake produced by a body moving through the water. This appearance in moderate weather so closely resembles that of a huge serpent moving over the surface of the water, that it is difficult, even for those accustomed to the appearance, to realize that it is nothing but a wave, and it is not strange that, when seen for the first time, it should strike the beholder with terror."

Unexampled Fecundity.—Inherited Characteristics.—On the 24 inst. Mrs. Eunice Bradley, of Johnson, Marshall county, Ohio, gave birth to eight children, three boys and five girls. They are healthy, and doing well. The mother was married to Mr. Timothy Bradley in 1853, and had twice already presented her husband with twins. He is said to be proud of his treasures, and, although a laborer, refuses to part with any of them. The three boys have been christened after men of note—Joshua R. Giddings, Elijah Champlin, and James Johnson who have acknowledged the compliment by testimonials, Mr. Giddings with a gold medal, Mr. Champlin with a deed for fifty acres of land, and Mr. Johnson with a cow.

The tendency to plural births is hereditary: Mrs. Bradley herself being one of triplets, her father and mother being twin children, and a grandmother the parent of five pairs of twins. As hereditary predispositions are apt to become aggravated, the imagination stands aghast at the prospective increase of this family.

Bad Accident from Wearing Hoops.—*A Woman Badly Burnt.*—Betsey Parkil, a young woman residing near Cincinnati, was very severely burnt last Friday by the igniting of her clothes from a furnace of charcoal where she was heating irons, and near the table at which she was ironing. As she wore hoops, they pressed against the table and threw out her dress behind until it extended over the vessel of burning charcoal, which set fire to her dress and underclothes, and she was soon wrapped in flames. Her aunt, hearing her screams, rushed into the apartment, and throwing upon her blazing attire several buckets of water that happened to be standing there, extinguished the fire, but not before the girl was so badly burnt that she may be crippled for life.

Hon. Daniel E Sickles.—New York, Aug. 13.—The Post of this evening says that, it is understood that, upon certain conditions, which have been duly considered by his personal friends, Mr. Sickles will voluntarily surrender his claims to represent the Third Congressional District. The plan is to hold a special election, the contracting parties agreeing to nominate an anti-Lecompton Democrat.

Election in Texas.—New Orleans, Aug. 13.—Very late advices were received from Texas this forenoon, giving the returns from eighty-two counties in that State. These returns show a majority for Gen. Sam Houston, Independent Democrat, for Governor, of 8,000 over Hardin R. Runnels, the regular Democratic candidate. Apart from Houston, the returns favor the election of the regular Democratic ticket.

☞ The Sleep of Italy.—Apropos of Longfellow's poem, in which sleeping Italy is pictured in the image of Enceladus under Etna, Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, suggests:—"Longfellow may shout and sing 'Enceladus, arise!' but the question is, can he shake off the effect of the third Nap?"

☞ *To Let*, is the common sign on vacant houses in American towns, whereas the English say "To be let." Persons familiar only with the American form lose something of the point of the old story about the gentleman who, going to examine a house marked "To be let," found a very pretty maid in charge, and asked whether she was to be let with the house. She curtsied and replied, "No, sir; I am to be let alone."

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 360—adults 94, and children 146.

[From the London Daily News, July 11.]

MR. RAREY'S METHOD OF TAMING HORSES.

A public exhibition by Mr. Rarey of the mode in which he has contrived to subdue the wildest and most savage of the equine race with such marvellous and invariable success, took place at the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, on Saturday afternoon. A numerous and fashionable company of spectators were there assembled. Mr. Rarey, since his former appearance in London, has made a victorious progress through the continent of Europe, winning tokens of royal and imperial approbation, as well as the patronage of every nation's chivalry from Paris to St. Petersburg. His demonstrations are still characterized, as before, by the air of perfect confidence in the infallible efficacy of his art, together with that modest abstinence from any assumption of personal superiority, which were so remarkable in one who had certainly proved himself able to perform what nobody was ever known to do so instantaneously and so surely by any other means.

The secret—while it remained such—of Mr. Rarey's process was so simple and so practical, that the most cunning wiseacres could not have guessed at it. It was like the problem of Columbus and his egg—an open secret—which much cogitation and far-fetched researches must have failed to discover, but which appears easy now when the inventor has shown us the way. Mr. Rarey aims at making a salutary impression upon the horse's mind—teaching the animal that man does not mean to hurt him, but cannot only caress him, but throw him down, wrestle with him, tire him out, at any time. The instrument by which any man of competent strength and agility may wrestle down any horse, and quite exhaust the spirits of the noble brute, in the course of an hour or two, consists of nothing more than a pair of buckle straps, to be dexterously adjusted to the fore-legs. The arena must be thickly covered with sawdust or tan, and the usual leather coverings put upon the horse's knees, in order to protect him from injury. A tiger's head must be secured by fastening the reins back to the surcingle.

Mr. Rarey begins by coaxing the animal, speaking kindly to him, and looking pleasantly at him, then stroking and patting his shoulder with a gulleless air, until, watching his opportunity, he can suddenly lift the near fore-leg, and taking the first strap unobserved by out of his pocket, fastens it below the pastern and half-way above the knee. From that moment, the limb being doubled up, the horse can only hop painfully on three legs, and a child may lead him by the bridle. The next thing is to attach the second strap to the other fore-foot, and, by a judicious pull, to bring the creature down upon both knees. Then begins a very unequal struggle. The horse rears himself upon his hind legs, and falls again and again. The man has to exert some activity to prevent the horse falling upon him, and to hold the strap of the off leg in such a manner as to prevent the horse putting his fore-foot to the ground. Trailing his superb nose in the sawdust, panting and wearied with the unwonted exertions, the indignant steed is presently obliged to succumb, and a slight push on the quarters makes him lie down. Then the man definitively ties up the off fore foot to the upper part of the leg, in the same manner as the near fore leg has been tied up. Then he speaks comfortably to the captive, consoles him with friendly and flattering gestures—makes love to him, in fact, as he lies there in helpless pride and resentment on the ground.

The horse may suddenly get up on his hind-legs, plunging and rearing again; but the result, in a few minutes, will be the same; down upon his side he must go. As Mr. Rarey observes, the generous beast has not sufficient intelligence to distinguish between the strap which throws him down and the human hand which fixes the strap, so that the impression made upon his unsophisticated mind, is that the animal man is physically stronger than the animal horse.

The beast, being of an eminently practical turn of mind, no sooner is the conclusion arrived at, along with the experience of man's kindness and benevolent intentions towards him—for a blow, a harsh word, or even an impatient and startling gesture would spoil the lesson—then the horse consents to let the man be his master henceforth. We saw Mr. Rarey apply the treatment to a terrific fellow of a stallion, the "King of Oude," belonging to Mr. Thomas Parr.

The horse, which is seven years old, and above sixteen hands high, has once or twice run with glory on the turf, but in the stable his conduct has been execrable. He has been known to attack the groom, who was as good as a father to him, and tear the coat off the man's back; he has kicked his stall to pieces, and torn the manger into shreds with his teeth, until the stable furniture was cased in plates of iron to defy his mischief. When he was brought in, snorting and furious, held by three men in the arena, he stood erect, ferociously pawing the air, and careered about in that fearful attitude as if he were executing the war-dance of the indomitable Cherokee, and one aim at expected to see him hurl a tomahawk from his uplifted fore-foot.

Presently, however, the fatal strap was adroitly thrown over that foot, and in a very short time the savage was humbly on his knees, nor was it long before he was obliged to beg pardon as plainly as a horse could express himself. So earnest was his contrition, that Mr. Rarey, having first ascertained by the flaccid and flexible state of the hind-leg muscles that the "King of Oude" did not intend to kick, lay down behind him without the slightest hesitation, and calmly pressed that dreadful hind-foot against his own smiling and finely-featured face. After this satisfactory evidence of a mutual *entente cordiale*, he untied the King of Oude's forelegs, carefully straightened them, and made the King of Oude stand upon all fours, saddled and mounted the King of Oude, showed the King of Oude a big drum, on which, after the animal had been allowed to inspect it and smell it, he beat a triumphant peal upon the King of Oude's back. The horse picked up his ears and certainly looked puzzled, but had not an idea of questioning the propriety of anything which the man who could lay him prostrate and sit upon him might choose to do; and this conviction had been wrought in the equine mind so thoroughly, but with so much good humor and gentleness on Mr. Rarey's part, that he might exclaim more appropriately than the butcher did in Hood's comical story of the recusant sheep, "There, I've conciliated him!" Two or three repetitions of the treatment are, however, advisable, since brutes, like human beings, are apt to forget what they have learned. The celebrated Cruiser, who was introduced to the company on Saturday, continues to do credit to his instructor.

The Law of Proper Names.—Judge Daly, of New York, has written and published an opinion as long as a President's message, upon the right of a man to change his name. A Hollander, named Snook, changed his name to its English synonyme, Pike, under which name he transacted business. Some doubts arising in his mind of the legality of the transaction, he applied to the Court to confirm the change he had made. The Court went into a very learned investigation of the origin of names, and the authority of the Legislature over them. The conclusion come to was that the Court could not change a man's name, unless satisfied that it was for his pecuniary gain, as a fortune being left on condition of changing it. The essential point of the decision was, however, that a man could change his name when he pleased, and so enamour legally more it. All the law required was identity, and if he could be identified under the name of Pike, as the individual who was known before as Snook, he had a right to use his adopted name.

SUMMER DAYS.

[Who wrote the following beautiful poem—who can tell us?—*Ed. Post.*]

In Summer when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In Summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs;
And always wished our life the same.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In Summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lengening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In Summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song.
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In Summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In Summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, mine alone;
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In Summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs:
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In Summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In Summer, when the days are long.

THE HERMIT'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HELEN R. CUTLER,
AUTHOR OF "THE ECCENTRIC BARREL."

My parents died when I was quite young, and, as I had neither brother nor sister, I lived *at large*. When I was about twenty five, tired of being cared for by aunts, cousins, and landladies, I began to covet a home of my own. But, I thought, though I have a home, with all the appliances that art can devise, it will be but an ice palace, unless I have in it "one fair spirit for my minister." I must have a wife. She would be oil to the troubled waves of my existence. It is because I lack this complement of my nature that I have not found rest.

Though I was an ardent admirer of every phase of feminine loveliness, I had never been seriously touched by the tender passion, yet I fancied there was a vulnerable spot in my heart, which some shaft of Cupid, rightly winged, might reach. I had never met my ideal. She was not easy to find. She must possess a keen, appreciative intellect, yet not be a strong minded woman. She must unite gentleness with spirit—a rare combination. She must be simple in her tastes and manners, but refined. She must have a high sense of duty, that would extend to the most trivial details of life, for I knew how often its whole harmony was marred by neglecting these. She must be pleasing in person, and, above all, must love me supremely, and be able to appreciate the higher part of my nature—which I fancied few did—or there would be no true companionship.

The resolution formed, to take a wife, should I, after the manner of Doctor Syntax, set off in search of her, or wait for fortune to throw one in my way? Chance, or some overruling fate, decided.

I went to spend a few days with a widowed aunt, with whom I was a great favorite. I was quite happy and at ease in my aunt's humble home. Quiet and harmony prevailed there, and they soothed my spirit, after having been exposed to the glare and display of more ostentatious mansions, as the eye, wearied by brilliant colors, is refreshed when it rests upon green.

A few days after my arrival, when I had become somewhat domesticated in my pleasant retreat, toward the close of a pleasant afternoon, while my aunt was busy elsewhere, I seated myself in an easy chair, by the open window of her little parlor, and with my senses soothed by the fragrance of flowers and the music of birds, I fell into one of those delicious reveries which Will Wizard likens to "swimming in an ocean of peacock's feathers."

Suddenly my little cousin Milly made her appearance at the door, school reticule in hand, and announced,

"The schoolmistress is coming!"

Now, I had a particular aversion to schoolmistresses. A vision of a prim, prudish, angular piece of humanity glided before my mental vision. Thoughts of escape darted into my mind. No more delightful dreams and freedom from restraint, I thought.

"The schoolmistress!" I ejaculated, in a vexed tone, but one at the same time demanding explanation.

"Yes," answered Milly. "She is going to board here this week. She sent word by me to mother last night, but I forgot to tell her.—She'll be here in a minute. She just stopped at Mr. Aiken's to get a book. Mother's out picking currants, but she'll be in presently, I guess."

I felt annoyed. The next moment, hearing the gate open,

"There she comes!" exclaimed Milly, running to the front door.

I looked from the window, and saw a figure that certainly presented no appearance of primness or angularity, advancing up the walk toward the house. A hand was extended to Milly, who ran out to meet her. It was ungloved, and very white, plump and pretty. A neat foot peeped from under the buff dress. Hidden by the vines that covered the window, I could make my observations unseen. I could not see her face—it was concealed by a large white sun-bonnet. When she had approached quite near the window where I sat, she stopped to look at some flowers to which Milly directed her attention. She made some remarks concerning them, and her tones were sweet and clear. My annoyance was gone. I rose and arranged my hair by the glass that hung over my aunt's little work-table. I had but just re seated myself, when the buff dress, minus the white sun bonnet, but surmounted by a very symmetrical little head, appeared at the door of the parlor.

"This is my cousin, Amos Watkins, Miss Turner," said little Milly, running past her into the room.

Miss Turner bowed, and blushed very prettily, too, as she advanced to take the chair that Milly set for her.

"I'll run and tell mother," said Milly, and she disappeared.

Civility required me to say something, so I spoke of the weather, the beauty of the surrounding country, &c. She responded to my remarks with propriety of speech, and gentle dignity of manner, set off by a modesty that was peculiarly pleasing.

She had brown hair and eyes, a full though not very high forehead, and a most lovely mouth, that looked as if it had just been pressed to loving lips, its expression was so sweet. Her complexion was pure, though it had a slight tinge of olive. She had little color, except when she spoke, and then it deepened to crimson in her cheek. There was a shade of sadness on her face, but so tempered with sweetness, I could not wish it away. She was scarcely tall enough for my taste, or sufficiently slender to suit my ideas of sylph-like proportions; but her form was full and rounded, and though she did not at all points realize my plan of a perfect woman, I pronounced her *tout ensemble* good. I did not resolve to fall in love with her, though I fancied it would be no difficult task.

My kind hearted aunt soon came in, and welcomed her cordially, and told her she was very glad she had come to help entertain her young relative, who, she feared, would find her society so dull, he would take himself off before she was ready to spare him. I demurred at this, of course, but still expressed my pleasure at the acquisition to our circle.

We soon went out to supper, and the presence of the little schoolmistress *did* seem to impart a new zest to everything.

The evening passed very pleasantly. No brilliant conversation on her part contributed to this. She said little, and that little no wise remarkable, and drawn from her by direct appeal; but though I had seen many women far surpassing her in outward loveliness and mental gifts, she awakened in me an unusual degree of interest and admiration. This was owing partly, doubtless, to her having no competitors, as the nightingale charms more from the fact of his singing alone.

"What if I should fall in love with this little schoolmistress?" I thought. "Idleness is said to be a friend to love. So far I am favored.—And the lady herself? She was surely lovable; she had a yielding, loving nature, too, and could be easily moulded to the wishes of one who possessed her heart. Was it still in her own possession? I dared to hope so. One with so much native refinement and delicacy would not be easily won by suitors in her own station, who were for the most part coarse and uncultivated. Nature, in the formation of her mind, had designed her for something higher than her present circumstances. Whether I was the one ordained by fate to raise her to this position, the future would show. I felt that, if such were the case, I could be resigned to its dispensation. Were it ordered otherwise, I would not despair.

I went to sleep that night thinking it would at least be very pleasant to love her, and very sweet to be loved by her.

She was to board with my aunt two weeks, and I resolved to prolong my stay for that period. I learned from my aunt something of her circumstance. Her mother was a widow, and she an only child. They were poor, as I had supposed. She had a room at a sister's of her own, also poor, and was supported by the avails of her daughter's teaching. This sister lived a few miles from Emily's school, and she usually spent her Sabbaths with her mother.—"Poor girl," I said, "no wonder her spirits droop, with so much to depress her!"

A genuine tenderness, partly, perhaps, born of pity, began to spring up for her in my breast. I felt a yearning desire to redeem her from circumstances so unworthy of her, to make her life happy, and shield her henceforward from every care.

She maintained toward me the same sweet reserve she wore at our first meeting, though I endeavored, by my own freedom and playfulness of manner, and a manifestation of the interest with which she inspired me, to dissipate it. But I did not love her the less for this, nor argue from it anything unfavorable to my suit, should I feel disposed to address to her words of love. How happy we too might be, I thought, living together in some pleasant spot where I could realize my ideal of a true home. How delightful it would be to unfold these plans to my unsophisticated Emily, and how easily should I secure her assistance in carrying them out, for *truth* was the natural element of a nature like hers, and it had only to be presented to her to be assimilated. The more I saw of Emily the more I became convinced that she of all others was the person to make my happiness in life, and, by so doing, to secure her own. The very passiveness of her disposition was favorable to this, for it would prevent her offering any resistance to my plans, and I could rouse in her sufficient energy by presenting proper motives to render her an efficient co-worker in my schemes for domestic felicity.

Finally, I resolved to propose to her to place my heart and happiness in her keeping. But, somehow, I could not acquire sufficient moral momentum to break through the natural timidity that clings to a man when he is really, or fancies himself in love, and her own shyness. Fortune, though a capricious dame in general, is proverbial for favoring lovers in this respect. The elements often concur to form the favorable epoch. They did so in my own case.

One afternoon a sudden storm arose. Wind, hail, thunder, and lightning combined their forces, with the most terrific violence. I had been reading, and was not aware that the tempest was gathering till it burst over my head. Looking from the window, against which the hail rattled furiously, I saw a tree in a neighboring field uprooted, and the roof detached from a barn and sent in flying fragments through the air.

"Where is Emily?" This was the first thought that rushed into my mind after I became aware of the commotion of the elements without. It was half-an-hour past the usual time for school to close, as a consultation of the clock in a corner of the room told me. At this moment Aunt Mary came hurriedly into my room.

"What a terrible wind," she exclaimed. "I was working over butter in the cellar, and did not see it coming up. How frightened Emily will be, poor thing. She's so timid in a storm."

"And cousin Milly?" I asked.

"I gave her permission to leave school at afternoon recess, and go home with Carrie Harper."

Perhaps Emily was alone at the schoolhouse. She sometimes stayed to write copies after the close of the school. I seized my hat.

"What are you going to do?" asked my aunt in an alarmed tone.

"Going to seek Emily or to keep her company." I had reached the door as I spoke, and my hand was on the latch.

"You are crazy!" exclaimed my aunt, grasping my arm. "You can do her no good, and—"

I did not wait for her to finish her remonstrance, but broke from her, and went forth into the storm.

I was wild with excitement as I rushed forward. What cared I for the storm. It was but a feather in my way. It bore me forward on its wings, and was no more tumultuous than the tide of emotion surging my breast. Just as I reached the door of the isolated old school-house a flash of lightning that seemed to envelope earth and heaven in flames nearly blinded me. I burst open the door just as a deafening peal of thunder shook the old fabric to its foundation. A shriek from Emily accompanied it. She stood in the middle of the floor with upraised hands, and white terror stricken face. I caught her in my arms or she would have fallen fainting to the floor. I sat down in the old chair that stood near, and held her to my breast. What recked I for the storm, now? I hailed it as my dearest friend.

"Rage on, rage on," I cried, "your wild uproar is music to my soul."

I pressed passionate kisses upon the pale cheeks and lips that lay upturned on my bosom.

"She is mine!" I exclaimed, "mine alone."

Slowly the life tide flowed back to cheek and lip, and she opened her eyes. She looked bewildered for a moment as she raised her head. Then she looked up into my eyes, and, with an impulsive movement threw her arms round my neck and burst into tears. I held her tenderly as a mother her babe, gently pressing her to my throbbing heart. I told her I loved her, and would devote my life to make her happy if she would be my own. She put her hand in mine, and I sealed the mute compact with a kiss.

Only a few weeks later, at the close of her school, we were wedded. Ours was a quiet bridal, in my aunt's little parlor, with no one present but the old Baptist minister from the neighboring village, (who, by the choice of Emily's mother, was to officiate on the occasion, a preference in which we were willing to indulge her, as she was too feeble to be present at the ceremony herself,) my aunt, cousin Milly, and Harry Henderson, a cousin of my own, the very antipodes of myself, a circumstance, perhaps, which seemed to cement the friendship that existed between us more closely.

We took a journey immediately after our marriage, not because it was the fashion to make a bridal tour, but because I thought Emily's health, weakened by care and seclusion, would be benefitted by it, and I thought, too, how happy it would make me to show her works of art, and scenes of beauty, which she had never had an opportunity to visit, but which I knew she would appreciate and enjoy, for she had a great love of the beautiful. I was not mistaken. I was delighted, and my solicitude for her happiness repaid by an enthusiasm of words, and a kindling of eye and cheek, that were to me as a new revelation of beauty and character in her. She looked, at times, absolutely radiant as we gazed at some fine view in nature, or examined some production of art.

Every day she grew more beautiful to me, and endeared herself still more closely by her sweet submissiveness, which drew out all the tenderness of my nature. What a paradise, I thought, it would be to live with her alone, where no stranger eyes should gaze upon my treasure, and what sweet joys would constantly be ours, "in that dear hut our home."

When we returned from our journey, I left her with her mother for a few weeks, while I set off to seek an Eden, some retired and beautiful spot, where "the world forgetting by the world forgot," I might realize my highest ideal of earthly bliss.

I finally fixed upon a place in the environs of a quiet village, a few miles from the residence of my aunt. This little hamlet had attracted me by the beauty of its location, and the neatness and taste of its arrangements. It would be pleasant and convenient, I thought, to live near it. Emily wished to attend church, of Sundays, and here was one of the Episcopal order, which she favored. There would be other advantages in living near a village, which we could not reach too far removed from the haunts of men.

Emily never objected to anything I proposed. I wished to conform, as far as possible to any particular preferences she might have, but it was only by accident I could ever discover them. She seemed to merge her will in mine. Her feeling seemed to be, that I had given her all, and she would not choose.

I was uneasy sometimes, at perceiving that a sentiment of gratitude entered too largely into the regard she had for me.

Her frequent allusions to the duty and obligation she owed to me, always jarred my feelings unpleasantly, but I would not pain her by allowing her to perceive it. I wished to be loved wholly, and for myself, not for my benefits. I was capable of loving largely, and sacrificing much for those I loved, and I craved unmixed love in return. It was the strongest principle of my nature, and the moving spring of all the rest.

I bought a cottage at a short distance from L———, the village of which I have spoken, just where the valley in which it was embosomed began to rise toward the hills that enclosed it. It was not, in all respects, what I could have wished, but I thought I could at some future time replace it with the one meddled in my mind.

Emily went through it, with me, and approved everything. I selected a cozy, pleasant room, which I told her should be appropriated to her invalid mother. She did not thank me in words, but, as we stood there together in the little room, she took my hand and pressed it to her lips, and wet it with her grateful tears. I took her in my arms, and kissed them away. Our cottage was fitted up in a snug, neat, and convenient manner. It was all arranged for *our own* eyes, our own comfort, and according to our own tastes. There was nothing for display, nothing exclusively for the eyes of others. In this, Emily's inclination seemed to coincide with my own. Our own room was hung with green. This was Emily's peculiar fancy, which I learned accidentally, and in which I was happy to indulge her. It was a bright green, the wall paper, curtains, lounge, chair-cushions, carpet and all, were of this color, which gave a bright, summery look to the apartment.

This was to be our chosen retreat, where, in winter with a bright fire glowing in the grate, or in summer with the roses from the vines outside peeping in at the windows, and the music of the birds mingling with their fragrance, we should have a little world of peace of our own—undisturbed by the strife outside.

The invalid's room was supplied with everything requisite for her comfort, and it brought a pleased glow to her pale cheek, when Emily first drew her in her easy chair to see its arrangements. It gave me pleasure that I had the power to smooth the path of this patient sufferer. I doubt whether a mother in-law in full health, able to direct and assist in our household concerns, would have afforded me as much.

We were to have only one servant, a maid of all work—in our little establishment, with the exception of a girl of fourteen, whose office it was to wait on the invalid, and who had a cot beside her bed.

When everything was arranged, and we had taken possession of our paradise that was to be, and had become a little accustomed to the routine of affairs established there, I despatched a line to cousin Harry, inviting him to become a witness and a partaker of our content. Harry had been a cripple from birth, and of a proud and sensitive nature—this circumstance made him averse to society. Our retreat would just suit him. Here he could enjoy his favorite books, the solitary walks in which he delighted, where his crutch would not attract observation; and with us, find appreciation, and oblivion of his deformity.

Harry was highly gifted, with the exception of this accident, in mind and person. The expression of his fine face was singularly spiritual, when he was in a serious mood, though he had a vein of humor in his composition, which was oftenest predominant. This playfulness of temper, which seemed to give a sunny aspect to everything, made him an eminently pleasing companion, but it was in the ascendant only among those who loved and appreciated him.

Among strangers—and this term will apply often with more force to those whom we are in the habit of meeting daily, than to some acquaintances of an hour, or perhaps a moment—he was cold, reserved, impenetrable. The society of those who truly loved and knew him, could alone elicit the finer qualities of his character. His delicate sympathies, his fine perceptions, and subtle and refined wit, had only then free play.

I received from him, in a few days, a frank response to my request that he would gladden our hearth by the light of his countenance; assuring us that he felt as though the portals of Paradise had been opened to him a little way, giving him a glimpse inside, and he should hasten to avail himself of the *opening* as soon as possible, which would probably be in a few days.

It was scarcely a week from that time, before he was installed in the chamber set apart for him, adding a zest to our meals by his genial conversation, and brightening our evening fireside. These days of unalloyed happiness, seem to me now on looking back through the bleak distance that intervenes, like a bright dream. I can scarcely believe I ever realized them.

Yet I do know that I have enfolded a lovely form in these arms, and that I enjoyed for a time, almost in its full perfection, "The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall."

I was happier that I had raised her I loved, from a condition of toil and privation, where she was surrounded by uncongenial persons and circumstances, for I felt that this bound her to me more strongly, and she was all my own.

I remember thinking one day, as I sat alone, while Emily had gone to ride with cousin Harry—they say there is "a skeleton in every house"—some canker worm at the root of every joy;—what one can intrude here, where love and peace and confidence abound, unless it be the grim skeleton that comes once to all? and I hugged a sense of security to my bosom.

Yet the skeleton was there even then, but I knew it not. Its bony fingers were busy blighting my joys, and only awaiting an opportunity to blast them wholly.

It is common, in romance, to feel a presentiment of these things—I had none. The knowledge that my happiness was based on a false foundation, came to me with the suddenness of a thunderbolt. I wondered sometimes, that one so apparently passionless, should inspire so fervid an attachment as I felt for my Emily. I spoke to her mother, one day, of the coldness, the impassiveness of her temper.

"She was ever thus," she answered. "I never saw her demonstrative, not even to her dolls and kittens when a child, yet her affections are deep and strong, and she will make any sacrifice for those she loves."

I was satisfied with this assurance that the under-current of her feelings was so powerful,—and perhaps I loved her more deeply with this conviction—that she did not respond to my ardent demonstrations of attachment with a like warmth. She showed always the most anxious solicitude for my comfort and happiness, and a desire to conform in everything to my wishes, which was gratifying to my pride and my affection.

I have given you an outline of my Eden, let me hasten to the denouement that ejected me from it.

My habits were not church-going; I preferred staying at home and quietly reading. Emily had always been accustomed to attend divine service on the Sabbath. I went with her once to the village church, but the prosy pastor, though a good old man, tired me so, that I could not conceal my reluctance to accompany her again. Much to my surprise, though I knew his obliging nature—as I was aware of his dislike to a crowd, on account of his infirmity—Harry volunteered to be her escort on all future occasions. I declined accepting the sacrifice I felt this would be to him, but he insisted, and so pertinaciously, that I at last yielded, persuading myself that the feeling of being of service to a friend, would more than counterbalance, in a nature so generous as his, any annoyance he might experience.

He told me laughingly, a few Sabbaths after he had taken upon himself this duty, that his service to me had met due reward, for the old pastor had been succeeded by a man of exceeding eloquence, one whom it was really a treat to hear, and he almost wondered at his wasting his talents on the desert air of so secluded a place.

"Perhaps," I responded, in the same vein, "you threw this out as a bait to tempt me to take your place going to church, or rather to resume my own."

"Not at all," he said; "I derive great pleasure from what was undertaken in a spirit of self denial."

"Very well," I answered, "it's satisfactory all round, then," and the matter dropped.

With two beings so generous and so devoted to me, I thought, how could I be otherwise than blest?

We had now been married nearly a year. About this time a change began to come over Emily. There was at times an intense brightness in her eyes, a burning flush on her cheek, and a sort of hurried nervousness of manner, that I had never seen in her before. Again she was cold, still, and pale as marble. These changes increased. The transitions from excitement to languor were more frequent, and the peculiar features of these moods were intensified. At times, her countenance was lighted up with a beauty I had never seen on a human face before. It was a radiance almost superhuman. I could fancy that she would look thus when transformed to a seraph. She would converse with a vivacity and energy of which I had not supposed her capable. Again, she would have passionate fits of weeping, no one knew why. I was puzzled, though my love for her increased in intensity, as she presented to me these varying phases. But her health was visibly declining under this mental fever and ague. She grew pale—shadowy. She would start and tremble at a breath. I appealed to her mother for a solution of what puzzled me.

"Emily has been too much confined, I fear," she said; that was all.

"True enough!" I thought. "Selfish that I was, not to see this."

I proposed a journey. But Emily, in a manner more peremptory than I had ever seen her assume before, assured me she did not desire to go from home.

"*If* I loved her," she said, "let her remain where she was."

"*If I loved her!*" Was not my whole soul hers? Had not the mystery that had been about her lately deepened my devotion to her? I caught her in my arms. She repelled me! She had never done so before,—and as I gazed at her in wounded astonishment, as she stood panting before me, a look, almost of aversion, came over her face. It struck like an ice-bolt to my heart.

She burst into tears and left me.

I sat down, bewildered, pained. A thousand conflicting thoughts and feelings rushed through my heart and brain. I was willing to receive any other solution for her conduct, than that she did not love me. My caress was ill-timed, I decided at last. Women are proverbially capricious, and shall my little Emily be more or less than woman? They do not wish to be always loved, and do we love them less for their changing moods? I have been weak, exacting. I have carried the vanity, and jealousies, and watchfulness of the lover too far into married life. I will be more consistent, more manly, or I shall alienate the affections of the heart I prize.

At tea, Emily sat in her accustomed place, looking calm, though somewhat paler than usual. The traces of tears would not have been discernible to eyes less penetrating than those of love. She looked up at me as I entered, with a smile that seemed to say, "Will you forgive me?" and my bosom was calmed again.

Harry was unusually brilliant that evening, and we sat at the fireside till a late hour, happy in each other's society. Or I, at least, was superlatively happy, more completely and fully so for my recent perturbed state of feeling, and I had no cause to imagine that discontent preyed upon either my companions. Things seemed to flow back into their accustomed channel. Emily was more herself again. I did not observe in her so frequently those fitful changes of feeling, though at times a burning flush was upon her cheeks, and her eyes shone with an intense brilliancy, when I could discern no outward cause of excitement.

One day an invitation came to her from a lady in the village, a Mrs. Anderson, to attend a sewing circle that was to meet there that afternoon. Mr. Anderson had been an acquaintance of Emily's years before. His wife had called to see her on our first removal to the vicinity of L———, her call had been returned, and they had kept up an occasional intercourse since, which was almost our only connection with the village.

I remembered what her mother had hinted, about the unfavorable effect of seclusion upon the health of my cherished one. I feared my love had been too selfish, and I urged her to accept this invitation. I had been unwell for two or three days previous, so that I had been unable to leave the house, and she brought this forward as a plea for declining. But I would not admit it, and I playfully commanded her to obey me.

I told her that an ungrateful fellow like me, ought to be left alone once in a while, that he might better know how to prize kind ministrations that he scarcely deserved.

Harry, I said, would drive her over in the rockaway, and leave her, and return for her at any hour she might name. She came to the couch where I lay, and, with her eyes dewy with tears, she bent down and kissed me. She had rarely done this before. Never so tenderly. My heart was filled with peace and content, and I wondered and condemned myself, that I could ever have harbored a doubt of her unwavering affection for me. I had never seen her look so lovely as when she came to me arrayed for her visit. She had on a plain white dress, and her neck and arms were shaded, but their exquisite contour and whiteness not concealed, by a black lace mantilla, fastened on her bosom by a diamond brooch which had been my wedding gift. She came to say that cousin Harry need not come to accompany her home. Mr. Anderson, she was sure, would walk home with her, and, as it would be a moonlight evening, she thought she should enjoy the walk. However, she said, if she did not return by ten o'clock he might come.

I knew Harry's repugnance to presenting himself before a company of strangers, so I made no objection to this arrangement.

Emily had never since our marriage been away from me so many hours at one time. I could not forbear laughing at myself for the uneasiness I experienced.

"But," I thought, "she ought to go. It is selfishness in me to wish her always at my side. She droops shut up so much." I lounged on the sofa, and tried to read till the hour of tea. Harry told me at that meal that he had some letters to write, which would employ his time till the hour Emily had designated for him to go for her if she did not return, and he wished to finish them, that if he was required to go he might take that opportunity to drop them in the post-office, as it would save him the trouble of going on purpose the next day. So he retired to his room, and left me to my solitude. I dreamed beautiful dreams—waking ones, as I sat in my easy-chair before the grate in which I had a fire made, though it was a warm evening in September, for I had been troubled with chills, alternating with feverish symptoms. Bright and glowing as the embers before me were the hopes within my breast. A married man's reverie, who is happy in his domestic relations, might not be altogether devoid of interest, but though mine on the occasion remains in my memory in bright contrast to the darkness that soon succeeded it I will not give it to you. I sat there till the clock struck nine. Then I rose and went to the window, and raised the curtain to look out at the night. It was bright as Paradise. A vivid picture of everything around me on that evening, and of the aspect of nature without is fixed in my memory. I can recall every thought and feeling I experienced. I walked up and down the room for a short time.—Then I took up a paper and read a little. It was half-past nine—I peeped out at the night again. It was so lovely I thought I would step out and walk in the yard a little while. I walked up and down the gravel walk in front a few times, then I took a path that led around one end of the house to the garden. The cool breeze felt refreshing, for I was somewhat feverish. I reached to pluck a rose from a beautiful monthly that Emily had planted and trained. A thorn pierced my hand, and I withdrew it. Then a sound came to me as the murmur of voices. I paused to listen. All was still. I thought it must have been the rustling of the wind among the leaves. I sat down on a garden-chair that stood near me. I heard the sounds again more distinctly than before and this time felt sure they came from voices conversing in a low tone. I listened intently and was certain they proceeded from a small summer-house that stood at the lower end of the garden. My curiosity was excited, and I advanced as noiselessly as possible along the path that led to it. The wind, sweeping avalanches of dry leaves along the path, favored my design. The sounds ceased again, but I kept on, till through an opening in the vines that covered the arbor, I saw that two persons were sitting on the seat within it. I drew nearer. I paused again through a larger opening. The outline of the form nearest me was revealed by pashes of moonlight. It was that of my wife, of Emily! Before I had time to recover from my surprise at this discovery, she spoke. These were the words she said. I hear them now:

"You know, Alanson, it was no fault of mine that we were separated."

"I acknowledge it, my own adored one," replied a manly voice, so deep, so low, so musical, its tones thrilled through me. "Loving you so entirely, so devotedly, I know not what infatuation led me to take the step I did."

"Ah, Alanson," she sighed, "it was ambition—the ambition to make a high match, that separated us. I can forgive you, because I know you never loved her. I can forgive you in spite of the years of anguish I endured with a heart loneliness that was at times almost insupportable."

"But ah, dearest one," he responded, "had you trusted more, had you waited till this hour, when, freed from the bonds I found so irksome, I could claim you for my own, we might still have been happy, happier possibly for the intervening clouds that obscured our prospects for a while. Oh, why did you throw yourself away thus?" And I saw a pair of arms stretched toward her as if to fold her in an

embrace. I could not distinguish the form or features of the person who had been speaking as he sat in the shadow.

"Not one disparaging word of him who has proved my best friend on earth, or I leave you in a moment," said Emily, with sudden energy. "He is good and noble, too good and noble for me."

Sobs choked her utterance, and she wept, and she advanced to the entrance of the arbor as if to leave him.

"Pardon me, sweet one, I did not intend to distress you," he said, in tender, entreating tones. "Heaven knows I have caused you tears enough. You say this must be the last time we meet. Let us not part in unkindness. Remain with me one moment more. It will be no injustice to him to whom you have promised allegiance, for your heart is irrevocably mine—you cannot deny it; then what signifies this distance?"

He emerged from the obscurity where he had been sitting, and drew towards her, and the full moonlight shone upon him.

I never saw him except in those few moments, but his portrait is engraved on my brain, seared into my brain, with a pen of burning iron.

He took my weeping Emily unresistingly in his arms and folded her to his breast. He pressed passionate kisses on her lips. He murmured words of love in her ear.

She raised her arms, and clasped his neck. I could see her white fingers gleam in the midnight masses of his hair, as she caressingly drew them through it. I seemed turned to marble! Then a hot, stifling sensation came over me. I felt as though I was inhaling fire—my brain reeled—then all was blank.

When next I woke to consciousness I was lying in my own bed. It was night, and a dim light was burning in the chamber. All was still—I thought I must be alone. Recollection came to me, slowly at first, and then, all at once, the scene of the moonlight evening of which I have spoken, rose before me again.

I groaned in anguish of spirit. I heard a light rustling, and a figure appeared at the opening of the curtains. I strained my eyes in the dim light to see whether it were spirit or mortal.—It was the form of Emily—there were her features, but oh, so wasted and wan and haggard and white! She bent towards me with a tender, anxious expression that went to my soul. When she saw I was awake, tears sprang to her eyes, and coursed down her poor pale cheeks. Bending towards me, in soft, tremulous accents she asked,

"My husband, can you forgive me? I am sure you would if you knew all!"

"Be at peace," I said; "you have my forgiveness. Your suffering has expiated your error, as your pale, hollow cheek and dim eye testify."

She approached her face to mine, and kissed my forehead.

"Now, be quiet," she said, laying her hand on my head. "The doctor gave orders when he left, that if you were conscious when you woke from the calm sleep into which you had fallen, nothing must occur to excite you. When you get strong I will tell you all."

"Tell me how long I have lain here," I entreated, "and I will be still."

"Two weeks," said Emily. "You have been sick with brain fever. Now your promise. Be still," and she placed her finger on my lips.

I had loved Emily so entirely, that the present tenderness of her manner soothed me, and I could easily obey her orders to be tranquil. I felt a sense of content, and a trust in her love, in spite of the appearances that were against her.

I will not dwell on the events of this period, for they were the usual ones of convalescence. I could have been happy but for Emily's wasted looks. She could scarcely be persuaded to leave my bedside a sufficient length of time to take food and rest, but watched me with the most untiring care. I improved so rapidly that her attendance on me was soon unnecessary; but as I gathered strength hers seemed to decline. Every day she grew more shadowy, and more etherially beautiful. Her spirit shone resplendent through her almost transparent frame.

Before I was so far recovered as to be able to resume my customary vocations, she was so much reduced as to be obliged to take the bed I had so recently quitted.

She never rose from it again. She told me she should not, from the beginning. She related to me then the events of her life that had caused the conduct which to me had appeared so inexplicable. I did not know, till she told me, with the seal of death upon her lips, who my rival was. It was the new minister, Alanson Egbertson!

Four years before, she had taught a home school at the house of his sister. He was unmarried then, and boarded at his sister's house. An attachment sprung up between them; it deepened to a love that absorbed her whole being.

"I was more capable of inspiring a deep devotion then," she said. "Grief and disappointment have faded and saddened me, and deprived me of the vivacity which perhaps then was my greatest attraction. He told me how happy it would make him to spend his life with me, but he never asked me to be his wife. I *knew* he loved me, and I thought he would not suffer the circumstance of my being poor and obscure to stand in the way of our happiness. But he did.

"His family valued wealth and position above all earthly things. He was influenced by them, and perhaps, to a degree, shared their sentiments. A widow came to the neighborhood. She was neither handsome nor young, but she had wealth and aristocratic connexions. She could show off well in society, which I, diffident and shrinking, could not. His sister was not a woman of much penetration, and then the routine of dressing and visiting and receiving company, occupied her mind to the exclusion of everything else, so she never saw that an attachment was growing between us, and it would never have entered her mind to suspect there was any danger that her handsome, princely brother would place his regards upon a poor school teacher. His friends settled it that the widow would be a good match for him, upon her first appearance. They used all their influence to bring this about, by dwelling on and magnifying her excellencies, and the advantages that would result from it.

"And they succeeded. Love for me, while his imagination was dazzled by the brilliant prospect held out to him, had but a secondary place in his bosom. But it never died. It is painful for me to dwell upon this period.

"One day—about a week before the time set for his marriage with the widow, he came to me where I sat alone in the parlor. His sister had gone out. He only came to bid me farewell, he said, and have a few last words with me, but while he was talking with me, all his old tenderness returned. I, too, broken down by sorrow, was unable to control my feelings. He took me in his arms. He declared that without me life would be miserable. He wondered how he could ever have been so mad, as to put from him the prize of happiness, when it was within his reach.

"The door opened at this moment, and the widow entered. She had called to see Alanson's sister, and finding her out, was going to await her return in the parlor. She confronted us! I shall never forget her face. She flushed with angry astonishment at first, and then became livid with rage.

"I was stunned for a moment, then I remember rushing from the room, and flying along the passage to my own apartment, as if escaping from a hungry tigress. I sat down on the sofa, and my feelings were in such a tumultuous state, I scarcely knew whether joy or grief was predominant. I think there was a vague hope above all, that the circumstance I have mentioned would break off the match with the widow.

"Late in the evening, Mrs. Annesly, Alanson's sister, came to my room, with a severe look on her face, to say that she should not require my services further, and that she was sorry I had proved myself unworthy of the confidence she had placed in me. I did not prolong the interview with words, for it was painful to me. She told me I could leave the next morning, and I was eager to obey her wishes, for the place had become distasteful to me.

"My mother was at that time with a brother of her own, who has since died. I went to some relations of my father, who were in good circumstances, and lived rather a gay life. They observed my melancholy, and attributed it to over labor and seclusion.

"I must rest, they said, and go into society, and I would be myself again; as a governess my liberty had been too much restricted. I entered society, as they proposed, but found it unsatisfying, even irksome. They wondered that rest and freedom did not recruit me more. It was my weary spirit, my homeless affections, that craved freedom and rest.

"I wished for employment again, and I thought I would seek it in some secluded spot, for I felt that there my wounded feelings would become sooner healed. Some lines I read once in Don Quixote came to me. They were these:—

> "'Love, with idleness its friend,
> O'er a maiden gains its end,
> But let business and employment
> Fill up every careful moment,
> There an antidote will prove,
> To the poisonous arts of love.'

"I thought I could discipline myself better in comparative solitude, than *alone in crowds*, and though my friends were mortified and offended at my choice, hearing of a vacancy in the school in the neighborhood where you first met me, I obtained it, and had my mother removed to my aunt's near, where I could see her occasionally.

"I had seen a notice of Egbertson's marriage, and also of his being installed as pastor of a church in the State of M———, so I did not fear that he would cross my path.

"I resolved to put him from my thought, and I succeeded so far that remembrance of him was not painful to me, did not interfere with the proper discharge of the duties of my social or business life.

"I had settled into this state of calm, pursuing almost mechanically my daily routine, tasting neither happiness nor misery, but, it seemed to me, in a sort of benumbed state between both, when you came to me.

"The tender interest you soon manifested for me was soothing to my feelings. I saw that you were noble and disinterested. Your person was pleasing to me, and I approved you in every way, and when I felt that the avowal of your love for me was trembling on your lips, I looked into my heart to see what the answer should be.

"My affection for you I knew would be calm and quiet, but with my ripened experience, I thought this would be more favorable to tranquillity and happiness. I felt that it would be easy to discharge, for one so good and noble, all the duties of a wife.

"I was grateful for your preference, for the regard that you had bestowed upon a poor, friendless girl. Believe me, no motives of interest had sway in my mind. I would never have consented to become your wife, had I not thought that my affection for you would increase by daily beholding your excellencies of character, and receiving your cherishing care, until it would become too firmly rooted in my heart to be shaken, had I not thought that *I* could make you happy, and lead with you a contented and tranquil life.

"I thought the fires of passion that had once glowed in my bosom, had *burned out*. I did not know they smouldered there still, ready to burst forth with tenfold force when a kindred spark was applied.

"When I saw Egbertson again, he seemed to me to have become chastened and refined by sorrow, and appeared to me more tranquil than before. I had not listened many times to his burning eloquence before all my old love for him returned. It had worn for itself deeper channels in my nature, and ran with a stronger current. I could not help it. I resolved, every week, that I would not venture again into the fascinating sphere of his presence, and listen to his dangerous eloquence, and as often found myself too weak to adhere to my resolve.

"On the evening you discovered us, he walked home with me, and we entered the garden by the side gate, and sat down in the arbor for a final interview, which he begged of me. I had vowed never to see him more, and he approved my determination, and promised to aid me in keeping it. I should have kept it. Do you doubt me, my husband? Do you forgive my weakness? Assure me of it again!"

I gave her this assurance. I pitied her, so young, so lovely, the victim of an unfortunate attachment. She did not remain with me long. Her mother survived her but a short time. I resolved to leave the place that had witnessed my greatest happiness and deepest misery. I gave the cottage to cousin Harry. I bestowed a sum upon my good aunt, sufficient to keep her above want. Then I sought this secluded spot, I built this hut, I removed here with my favorite dog and my books. Whoever seeks me here, seeks me for myself. I have sufficient society to vary my existence. For the rest, my books, my thoughts, my amusements—hunting and fishing, for I do not disclaim these barbarous sports—my household avocations, suffice. I have enough for my wants, even should my life be prolonged to the latest period assigned to man. This prevents the necessity of care and anxiety for the future. Once a year cousin Harry visits me. He is always welcome. So are all who seek my lowly roof. I am not at war with mankind. I am no misanthrope, though an anchorite.

Old New Things.—Very numerous, says Bryce, in his "Life and Books," are what Hudibras calls "the new-found old inventions," and he goes on to enumerate a few of them. "We have Irving's false tongues anticipated by Elias Marion in the reign of Queen Anne; false teeth in Martial: gold stuffings and fastenings for the teeth in the Roman laws of the twelve tables; rings for curing the cramp in the letters of Edward VI. and Queen Mary; cuttings for wry neck in Sir T. Browne's correspondence; clairvoyance at the beginning of one of the later cantos of Hudibras; dosing children with opium to send them to sleep in Marston's satires; swimming-belts in Bacon's 'New Atalantis;' the cold water cure internally in one of Sir William Temple's essays; the metal pen in Waller; the lock which opens by an adjustment of letters in Carew; the industrious fleas in La Bruyere.

"I may here add a passage from Macaulay (in his review of Bacon), in which he quotes Seneca, with reference to what are ordinarily considered modern inventions: 'In my own time,' says Seneca, 'there have been inventions of this sort; transparent windows; tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building; short hand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker.'

"A very intelligent physician in the pacha's service, whom I met upon the Nile," says Warburton, in his "Crescent and the Cross," "pointed out to me a curious passage in Plautus, which seems to imply that magnetism was not unknown to the Romans:

"*Mercury.*—Quod si ego illum *tractim tangam* ut dormiat.

"*Sosia.*—Servaveris, nam continuam has tres noctes pervigilavit."

Wit and Humor

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Art thou not happy since love's words
Fell on thy heart like balm?
"Well, now, I don't know that I am,
And don't know but I am."

Did not sweet thoughts thy bosom thrill
When first thou heardst his vow?
"I think it's very probable,
But can't remember now."

Then long and ardently he sued
Ere thou didst answer him!
"Well, no, considering everything,
I thought my chances slim."

And so thou gav'st thy fond young heart,
With joy and hope elate?
"So far as what I gave's concerned,
He didn't get 'no great.'"

Does not the draught of happiness
O'erflow thy brimming cup?
"Times, when he's 'setting up' with me
I kind o' feel set up."

Does not thy fond thought follow him,
Even when thy lip is dumb?
"Yes, when he takes me by the hand,
I feel drawn towards him, some."

Has he not vowed to do for thee
All that affection can?
"He seems from what he promised me,
A promising young man."

When evening brings its fancies sweet,
Is he not ever nigh?
"To tell the truth, he is a man
I 'set a great deal by.'"

When he is thine, will not thy heart
Dismiss all care and doubt?
"I think 'twill be a handy thing
To have a man about."

Didst ever think, death's night alone
Thy wedded day can dim?
"Sometimes I think of that, and then
I almost pity him."

Henceforth your happy lives will blend
As mingled currents run;
"They don't begin to yet, but then
I s'pose 'twill all be one."

Maidens, thy words are strange to me,
Thou wak'st my fear and doubt!
"My talk is common-sense, and yours
The kind we read about."

—*Knickerbocker.*

On Paper.—The Paper having the largest Circulation.—The Paper of Tobacco.

Paper for the Rogues.—Sand Paper.

Paper containing many fine points.—The Paper of Needles.

Ruled Paper.—The French Press.

The Paper that is full of rows.—The Paper of Pins.

Spiritualist's Paper.—(W)rapping Paper.

Drawing Paper.—The Debtor's bill.

The favorite Paper on Railroads.—*Car*pet Paper.

A Taking Paper.—Sheriff's Warrant.

INCLINED TO BE QUARRELSOME.

There was once a little, slim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, riding along a highway in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs, by the help of a big, raw-boned, six foot-two specimen of humanity. Stopping the last-named individual, he accosted him:

"I say, are these your hogs?"

"No, sir; I'm to work by the month."

"What pay might you be getting, friend?"

"Ten dollars a month and whiskey thrown in," was the reply.

"Well, look here! I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, d'ye see. Now I'll give you twenty five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," said Mr. Gardner. "But," he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on the fight?"

"Never been licked in my life," rejoined the six-footer.

"Just the man I want. Is't a bargain?" queried Gardner.

Six-footer ruminated.

"Twenty-five dollars, double wages, nothing to do but ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally when he's sassy."

Six-footer accepted. They rode along till, just at night, they reached a village inn. Dismounting at the door, they went in. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest man in the room, and picked a fuss with him. After considerable promiscuous jawing, Gardner turned to his fighting friend, and intimated that the licking of that man had become a sad necessity. Six footer peeled, went in, and came out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was re-enacted—Gardner getting into a row with the biggest man in the place, and six-footer doing the fighting.

At last, on the third day, they came to a ferry kept by a huge, double-fisted man, who had never been licked in his life. Whilst crossing the river, Gardner, as usual, began to find fault and "blow." The ferryman naturally got mad, threw things around, and told him his opinion of *their* kind. Gardner then turned to his friend and gently broke the intelligence to him, "That he was sorry, but that it was absolutely necessary to thrash that ferryman."

Six-footer nodded his head, but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job; by the way he shrugged his shoulders, but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore, both stripped, and at it they went. Up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water they fought, scratched, gouged, bit, and rolled, till, at the end of an hour, the ferryman gave in. Six-footer was triumphant, but it had been tough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary sets mighty well—but—I'm—of—the—opinion—that you are *inclined to be quarrelsome*. Here I've only been with you three days, and I've licked the three biggest men in the country! I think this firm had better dissolve, for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon I'll 'draw!'"—*Tokomo Gazette.*

"CARRIAGE, SIR."

The Commercial Bulletin gets off the following, which is rather a good one:—

Last week a gentleman from the west, visiting Boston for the first time to attend the Trade Sales, arrived via the land route from New York, about midnight. On leaving the train, he secured the services of a hackman, and directed him to drive to the United States Hotel. Jarvey seized his valise, packed his passenger into the coach with unusual alacrity, and leaped upon his box, cracked his whip, and rattled off through the almost deserted streets at a spanking rate. Away they went, up one street and down another, until at last the panting horses were reined up before the broad portico of the United States.

"How much, driver?" inquired the passenger.

"Fifty cents, sir—reg'lar fare, sir. All we're 'low'd ter charge, sir," replied Jarvey, politely.

"Ah! very reasonable," was the satisfied remark, as he paid over the half dollar; "and here's a dime extra for driving me up so quickly."

Coachy grinned his thanks, leaped upon his vehicle, and rattled off.

Next morning our western friend received a call from one of his Boston acquaintances, and in course of conversation happened to mention his arrival the night previous, and his ride up to the hotel.

"*Ride up!*" exclaimed his friend. "Why you don't mean to say you rode to this house from the Western depot?"

"Certainly I do. You don't think I would walk all that distance, do you?"

"All that distance!" repeated the other, eyeing the vigorous underpinning of his friend. "Why how far from here do you suppose the railroad station is?"

"Judging from the ride, about a mile. How far is it?"

"Just across the street—possibly ten steps—it may be a dozen," was the reply of the other, as he pointed to the station from the window. "You have been the victim of a hack driver. These men are becoming as bad as their brethren in New York."

"No, sir," was the decided reply. "There was one circumstance about that ride which would have made me sure I was in Boston and not in New York."

"What was it?" asked the other.

"*Why the driver charged me fifty cents instead of five dollars.*"

☞ N. P. Willis, in his play of "Tortesa the Usurer," makes one of the characters say, that "ever since the flood water has had the taste of sinners," and therefore he preferred wine. He probably obtained this droll idea from a German poet, whose lines we have seen thus translated:

> "Then to the Lord old Noah said,
> The water now tastes very bad,
> Because there have been drowned therein
> All beasts and mankind in their sin;
> 'Tis therefore, Lord, I even think,
> I would prefer some other drink."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Book the Second. The Golden Thread.

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL KNITTING.

Madame Defarge and monsieur her husband returned amicably to the bosom of Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness, and through the dust, and down the weary miles of avenue by the wayside, slowly tending towards that point of the compass where the chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, now in his grave, listened to the whispering trees. Such ample leisure had the stone faces, now, for listening to the trees and to the fountain, that the few village scarecrows who, in their quest for herbs to eat and fragments of dead stick to burn, strayed within sight of the great stone court yard and terrace staircase, had it borne in upon their starved fancy that the expression of the faces was altered. A rumor just lived in the village—had a faint and bare existence there, as its people had—that when the knife struck home, the faces changed, from faces of pride to faces of anger and pain; also, that when that dangling figure was hauled up forty feet above the fountain, they changed again, and bore a cruel look of being avenged, which they would henceforth bear forever. In the stone face over the great window of the bed-chamber where the murder was done, two fine dints were pointed out in the sculptured nose, which everybody recognized, and which nobody had seen of old; and on the scarce occasions when two or three ragged peasants emerged from the crowd to take a hurried peep at Monsieur the Marquis petrified, a skinny finger would not have pointed to it for a minute, before they all started away among the moss and leaves, like the more fortunate hares who could find a living there.

Chateau and hut, stone face and dangling figure, the red stain on the stone floor and the pure water in the village well—thousands of acres of land—a whole province of France—all France itself—lay under the night sky, concentrated into a faint hair-breadth line. So does a whole world with all its greatnesses and littlenesses, lie in a twinkling star. And as mere human knowledge can split a ray of light and analyze the manner of its composition, so, sublimer intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of ours, every thought and act, every vice and virtue, of every responsible creature on it.

The Defarges, husband and wife, came lumbering under the starlight, in their public vehicle, to that gate of Paris whereunto their journey naturally tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guard house, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted; knowing one or two of the soldiery there, and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When Saint Antoine had again enfolded the Defarges in his dusky wings, and they, having finally alighted near the Saint's boundaries, were picking their way on foot through the black mud and offal of his streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say, then, my friend; what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

"Eh, well!" said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"

"Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation. But he had been so careful to get it accurately, that he then spelt it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame, "good. Christian name?"

"John."

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Ee, my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered to-morrow."

They turned into the wine-shop, which was closed (for it was midnight,) and where Madame Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries in the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief, in a chain of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night. All this while, Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, complacently admiring, but never interfering; in which condition, indeed, as to the business and his domestic affairs, he walked up and down through life.

The night was hot, and the shop close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighborhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge's olfactory sense was by no means delicate, but the stock of wine smelt much stronger than it ever tasted, and so did the stock of rum, and brandy, and aniseed. He whiffed the compound of scents away, as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

"You are fatigued," said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. "There are only the usual odors."

"I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged.

"You are a little depressed, too," said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts, but they had had a ray or two for him. "Oh, the men, the men!"

"But my dear," began Defarge.

"But my dear!" repeated madame, nodding firmly; "but my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear!"

"Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it *is* a long time."

"It is a long time," repeated his wife; "and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule."

"It does not take a long time to strike a man with Lightning," said Defarge.

"How long," demanded madame, composedly, "does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me!"

Defarge raised his forehead thoughtfully, as if there were something in that, too.

"It does not take a long time," said madame, "for an earthquake to swallow a town. Eh, well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?"

"A long time, I suppose," said Defarge.

"But when it is ready, it takes place, and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it."

She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe.

"I tell thee," said madame, extending her right hand, for emphasis, "that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world that we know, consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you."

"My brave wife," returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent and his hands clasped at his back, like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist, "I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know well, my wife, it is possible—that it may not come during our lives."

"Eh well! How then!" demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

"Well," said Defarge, with a half complaining and half apologetic shrug, "we shall not see the triumph."

"We shall have helped it," returned madame with her extended hand in strong action. "Nothing that we do is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would—"

There madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

"Hold!" cried Defarge, reddening a little, as if he felt charged with cowardice; "I, too, my dear, will stop at nothing."

"Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity, to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil; but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained—not shown—yet always ready."

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money, as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with no infraction of her usual preoccupied air. There were a few customers, drinking or not drinking, standing or seated, sprinkled about. The day was very hot, and heaps of flies, who were extending their inquisitive and adventurous perquisitions into all the glutinous little glasses near madame, fell dead at the bottom. Their decease made no impression on the other flies out promenading, who looked at them in the coolest manner (as if they themselves were elephants, or something as far removed), until they met the same fate. Curious to consider how heedless flies are!—perhaps they thought as much at Court that sunny summer day.

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head dress before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

"Good-day, madame," said the new comer.

"Good-day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting:

"Hah! Good-day, age about forty, height about five feet nine, black hair, generally rather handsome visage, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin, long and sallow face, aquiline nose, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek which imparts a sinister expression! Good-day, one and all!"

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool, fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvellous cognac this, madame!"

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better. She said, however, that the cognac was flattered, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

"You knit with great skill, madame."

"I am accustomed to it."

"A pretty pattern, too!"

"You think so?" said madame, looking at him with a smile.

"Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?"

"Pastime," said madame, still looking at him with a smile, while her fingers moved nimbly.

"Not for use?"

"That depends. I may find a use for it, one

day. If I do——well," said madame, drawing a breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry, "I'll use it!"

It was remarkable; but, the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head dress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretence of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor, of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a poverty-stricken, purposeless, accidental manner, quite natural and unimpeachable.

"John," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'Barsad' before you go."

"You have a husband, madame?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"No children."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad: the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed too—as you say."

"As you say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"*I* think?" returned madame, in a high voice. "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is, how to live. That is the subject we think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without embarrassing our heads concerning others. *I* think for others? No, no."

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face; but, stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" With a sigh of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face: "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighborhood, touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"—Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"Good-day, Jacques!" the spy repeated; with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but discomfited too; "good-day!"

"Good-day!" answered Defarge, dryly.

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the person to whom they were both opposed, and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hah!" muttered Defarge.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you his old domestic had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances?"

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow as she knitted and warbled, that he would do best to answer, but always with brevity.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances!" said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now," said the spy.

"No," said Defarge.

"In effect," madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter or perhaps two; but since then, they have gradually taken their road in life—we, ours—and we have held no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

"Going?" echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh! You know I am English?"

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

He did not take the identification as a compliment; but, he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added:

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Do what he would, behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand was not trustworthy. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave: taking occasion to say, in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. For some minutes after he had emerged into the outer presence of Saint Antoine, the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife, as he stood smoking with his hand on the back of her chair; "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As he has said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is—" Defarge began; and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"—And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, "will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange—now, at least is it not very strange—" said Defarge, rather pleading with his wife to induce her to admit it, "that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment, by the side of that infernal dog's who has just left us?"

"Stranger things than that, will happen when it does come," answered madame. "I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head. Either Saint Antoine had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone, or Saint Antoine was on the watch for its disappearance; howbeit, the Saint took courage to lounge in, very shortly afterwards, and the wine-shop recovered its habitual aspect.

In the evening, at which season of all others, Saint Antoine turned himself inside out, and sat on door-steps and window-ledges, and came to the corners of vile streets and courts, for a breath of air, Madame Defarge with her work in her hand was accustomed to pass from place to place and from group to group: a Missionary—there were many like her—such as the world will do well never to breed again. All the women knitted. They knitted worthless things; but, the mechanical work was a mechanical substitute for eating and drinking; the hands moved for the jaws and the digestive apparatus; if the bony fingers had been still, the stomachs would have been more famine-pinched.

But, as the fingers went, the eyes went, and the thoughts. And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group, all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with, and left behind.

Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration. "A great woman," said he, "a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman!"

Darkness closed around, and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the drums of the Royal Guard, as the women sat knitting, knitting. Darkness encompassed them. Another darkness was closing in as surely, when the church bells, then ringing pleasantly in many an airy steeple over France, should be melted into thundering cannon; when the drums should be beating to drown a wretched voice, that night all potent as the voice of Power and Plenty, Freedom and Life. So much was closing in about the women who sat knitting, knitting, that they their very selves were closing in around a structure yet unbuilt, where they were to sit knitting, knitting, counting dropping heads.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT HE MEANT.

When Napoleon took Milan
Soon his proud assurance ran—
That—"The *whole of Italy* must now be free!"
But Perugia's scarlet news,
Did some passing doubts infuse,
As to whether *Pius* would not keep his *key*!
Some averred that all the land
Must arise in freedom grand—
Others feared that *Rome* might still in bondage sigh;
But Napoleon solves each doubt,
For his "freedom scheme" is out—
And we find he meant the WHOLE OF IT-A-LIE!

—*Sunday News.*

☞ A Vienna paper reports that Count Gyulai intends returning to Baden, to take the waters; whereupon a wit, calling to mind the unsuccessful military career of the Count, shakes his head doubtfully and exclaims:—"But can he take them?"

LETTER FROM PARIS.

An Uncomfortable Scheme—Paris in the Dumps—A Learned Lady—Infanticide Extraordinary.

Paris, July 25, 1859

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The present lull in the political world is very much of a piece with that of the weather. After the intense heat, and the violent thunder-storms, we have had a heavy and unquiet atmosphere, charged, as all feel, or fear, with coming storms. So the panting, groaning and perspiring world of Paris. A few days of cooler weather, thanks to heavy showers, have been very welcome; but the great heat seems setting in again, and we are threatened with a repetition of the incidents of the hot fortnight from which all Europe has been suffering so much; people dying of apoplexy, eggs laid on a plate in a corner exposed to the full heat of the sun, being completely roasted in ten minutes, and afterwards eaten as hard eggs; and the thermometer, at Bordeaux, going up to 111 degs. (Fahrenheit) in the shade!

The discontent of the French people, mentioned in my last, and the existence of which you may depend on, whatever the journals may say to the contrary, is very far from having subsided. All parties regard the sudden friendship between the two Emperors as of evil augury for the future; and declare that a man who could rush into a war, call on all Italy to rise against its oppressor, and then suddenly, without consulting either his own habitual advisers or the power with whom, and ostensibly for whom, he was fighting, could make peace on the terms settled on at Villa Franca, "is not to be trusted." Some are disappointed because the struggle, if continued, would have been, they say, to the glory of France; with the grievances of this party, however, looked-on at a distance will hardly feel much sympathy.—Others say that it was too bad to raise such magnificent hopes in the minds of the Italians, only to baulk them just as their realization seemed so probable; and others again—and perhaps the largest party—regret the turn things have taken, because, they say, it is impossible to understand what have been, from first to last, the Emperor's motives in the inconsistent course he has taken, and consequently no one can calculate with any certainty on what he may do next; a want of confidence being thus engendered, and the feeling of stability requisite to the social, industrial and commercial welfare of the country being impossible under such circumstances.

Preparations for the grand "flare-up" of the 15th of August are already being made; and a very splendid affair it will no doubt be.—Thus, the popular discontent is prophesying some "attempt against the Emperor's life" as to be made on that day; but the police are on the alert, a great number of arrests are going on, and it is highly improbable that anything of the kind will occur to mar the delight with which the Parisians will receive the brave representatives of the army, however little they may be disposed, just now, to glorify the inscrutable ruler they have given themselves.—Meantime, the Emperor, who is said to be excessively irritated at the state of public feeling, as revealed in the reports of the ubiquitous police, keeps out of Paris, which will hardly be favored with the light of his countenance before the approaching fete-day.

The Sardinian journals are holding up to public observation, a long article that appeared in the Verona Gazette, two days after the signing of the peace at Villa Franca, in which it is declared that Austria only yields to the pressure of the moment in evacuating Lombardy, that as long as she holds the "quadrilateral," she is quite sure of regaining the province at her leisure, and that she will wait until the proper time comes, and then re take possession of that province.

The magnificent statue of the Marine Venus, discovered a few weeks ago in some excavations made in the garden of Julius Cæsar, at Rome, not far from the Portese Gate, has just been bought for the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg, for the sum of 50,000 francs. It is supposed that it was sold at this low figure, on account of the embarrassments caused by the prospect of a lengthened war; the great dislike of the present Pope to naked figures having, it is thought, expedited the termination of the bargain.

At a recent meeting of the *Academie des Sciences* of Paris, M. Bertrand, and M. Geoffroy, Saint-Hilaire presented to their fellow Academicians, a modest-looking portfolio, filled with papers;—the offering of the relatives of their deceased writer, to the learned body. This offering was received by the Academy with great respect and interest; and was ordered to be carefully preserved among the archives of the Institution.

The papers in question, which had been collected with great care for the acceptance of the *Academie*, were the original manuscripts of the works of Mademoiselle Sophie Germain. Fearing that these interesting relics might be lost or destroyed if they remained in the hands of her family, the latter had determined to present them to the *Academie* as their safe and natural guardian.

"And who," I fancy I hear some of my readers exclaiming, "who is Mademoiselle Sophie Germain?"

Mademoiselle Sophie Germain, oh, beloved, but on this particular point, too ignorant, readers! was a distinguished mathematician, whose life was devoted, with entire success, to the study of the higher branches of a science whose devotees are comparatively rare among the other sex, and which is still more rarely regarded with interest among her own.

She was born in Paris, on the 1st of April, 1776, being apparently destined to disappoint, most signally, whatever unflattering auguries may have been drawn from that date by the wicked wits of her parents' circle: and died in her native city in 1831, in the fifty fifth year of her age.

Up to the age of thirteen, Sophie seems to have given no especial sign of the vocation by which she was afterwards distinguished. She appears to have gone through the usual stages of childhood, in childhood's usual way; passing like all other little girls, from babe to pinafore, and thence through the phase trowsers and short frocks, to that of incipient young-lady hood, with its long frocks and turned-up hair. But at this period of her existence, the young girl chanced to meet with a copy of Montucla's "History of Mathematics;" an event which decided the course of her life from that hour forward. The taste for mathematical inquiry awakened in her mind by the perusal of this work was so strong that she seemed at once to lose all interest in every other subject, and could not, thenceforth, be induced to take the slightest interest in any other pursuit. Her family opposed the carrying-out of her new-developed tastes by every means in their power, and did their utmost, by preventing her from gaining access to books on mathematical subjects, to force her from a field of study which they regarded as utterly foreign to the female mind. But she contrived to possess herself of a copy of Bezout; and with the aid of this sole guide and teacher, gave herself up to the investigation of mathematical questions with an ardor that no difficulties could check, devoting to the pursuit of her favorite study, every moment that she could withdraw from the oversight of her parents. The persistance with which she continued to follow up what she so strangely felt to be her vocation, at length vanquished the opposition of her family; and the quiet student, released from the constraint that had so signally failed of its object, was allowed to devote herself, in her own way, and unmolested, to the arduous occupation she had chosen.

Shortly after the foundation of the Polytechnic School—one of the truest glories of the reign of the First Napoleon—Sophie Germain, under the assumed character and signature of a pupil of that admirable institution, entered into a correspondence with the illustrious Lagrange. The philosopher was not long in discovering the real character of his youthful correspondent; and being much astonished at the fact of such evident aptitude for mathematical science being manifested by a woman, he called upon her, and warmly encouraged her to persevere in the path she had marked out for herself.

The arrival in Paris of the physician Chladni, who visited that capital in order to repeat, before the *savans* of the day, his experiments relative to the vibration of elastic blades, afforded the occasion to Sophie Germain of a brilliant triumph, the result of remarkable perseverance on her part.

The experiments of the learned German had caused much sensation among the learned.—The Emperor had been greatly interested by them, and regretting that they had not been submitted to the ordeal of rigorous scientific calculation, he caused a special prize to be offered by the French Institute for the best treatise on the subject.

Sophie Germain obtained this prize in 1815, after two unsuccessful attempts in 1811 and 1813: the memoirs previously submitted by her, not having appeared satisfactory to the judges.

The works published by her at subsequent periods, are much esteemed in France. Legendre, in his *Theorie des Nombres*, has inserted several of Sophie Germain's theorems. Her last work, entitled *Considerations on the state of Science and Literature at the Different Epochs of their Cultivation*, published in 1833, was written in the midst of the excruciating sufferings caused by the malady which terminated her days.

This lady, equally remarkable for talent and perseverance, though especially devoted to mathematical science, whose highest analytical questions she has treated with the greatest success, had made herself mistress, unaided, of the Latin tongue, with a view to the better understanding of the ancient writers, and of the works of foreigners of modern days; and in addition to her studies of predilection, was thoroughly versed in history, geography, metaphysics and natural history.

The strange passion which leads civilized communities to expend vast sums of money on the care and maintenance of wild beasts, odious reptiles, and other detestable creatures which we cannot imagine as finding place in any Eden, past or prospective, and which Dame Nature seems to have created only as a quiz upon us for the various evil passions and subversive tendencies into which human nature is but too prone to lapse, has caused the domestic doings of the pair of hippopotami at the *Jardin des Plantes* to be regarded with especial interest, from the fact that a youthful specimen of that ugly genus was expected to show itself in their enclosure. The hippopotamus-baby that created such a sensation here a year and a-half ago, having excited the ire of its unnatural papa, the latter trampled it to death a few hours after its birth. The wicked sire was therefore shut off in solitary confinement, as the interesting event drew near. A few nights ago, the huge, lumbering mother signified to her keeper her desire to go into the basin of water adjoining her pen, in which these ugly brutes spend half their time rolling about in the water. The keeper opened the door, and she went down into the pond, on the surface of which the little stranger, so anxiously expected, was seen, in the course of a few minutes, gambolling about, as lively, frisky and wide-awake as though he had been for years accustomed to the watery element. The mother, who appeared to dislike her first young one, seemed disposed to deal more maternally with this one; gave it suck, and allowed it to lie on her back and neck, after the manner of these aquatic animals. She remained with her cub quietly in the water for about 43 hours. Everything seemed to be going on well; and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire was enchanted with the state of things in this department of his domain. The day before yesterday the little one began to walk in and out of the water; it fed well, and was visibly growing. But during the night its amiable mother was seized with a fit of rage, attacked, and killed it. "It is an extraordinary fact," says M. St. Hilaire, "that the females of these mammiferous animals abandon their young, ill treat, and even devour them. But it is almost without example that, when the mother has adopted the young one, and suckled it, she should do so. It is true, however, that no animal is more irascible and brutal than the hippopotamus." This piece of infanticide having occurred under water, and in the night, the keeper could not give a very full account of it; but it appears that the mother must have seized the young one by the stomach in her formidable jaws, as five deep marks of her teeth are visible, and must also have attacked it with her tusk, which pierced the left breast, and entered the lungs. Two of these interesting creatures having now been brought forth in the Jardin des Plantes, hopes are entertained that, in 14 months, the world may be blessed by the arrival of a third; which, as it is now clear that the mother is not to be trusted, will be at once removed, and brought up with the tenderest care, by artificial means, while myriads of poor little human babies are left to die of neglect, or struggle up through a half-starved, uncared-for childhood, to a vitiated and vicious manhood, as best they can.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Five Days Later—France Preparing to Disarm—The Rhine Army Dissolved—Small Compensation—Proposed Visit of Louis Napoleon to England, &c.

The steamships City of Baltimore and Vanderbilt, at New York, brings five days' later European advices.

The Liverpool and London dates are to the 3rd inst., by mail, and to Thursday evening, the 4th, by telegraph to Queenstown.

The following summary of news comprises the most important events of the week:

Europe had for a week been relieved from political excitement.

There had been no further developments regarding the Peace Congress to meet at Zurich.

The advices from the Continent are of a more pacific character, the agitation produced on the first announcement of peace having gradually subsided.

France was making preparations for a general disarmament, according to the decision of the Emperor.

The Paris Bourse was firm, the quotations for rentes closing on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., at 69f. 45c., an advance of one per cent. since Friday.

The French *corps d'armee* which was formed for a march on the Rhine, previous to the suspension of hostilities, has been already dissolved.

The American Minister at Rome had succeeded in obtaining 400 scudi, equal to about $200, as compensation for the loss of property sustained by Mr. Perkins and his companions during the sack of Perugia by the Swiss troops of the Pope.

Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, has abdicated in favor of his son, Archduke Ferdinand, born on the 10th of June, 1835. This Prince married a daughter of the King of Saxony, who has left him a widower, with one child (a daughter), born on the 10th of January, 1859.

Kossuth.—The *Nouvelliste Vaudois* states that M. Kossuth, with his family, arrived at Geneva, on Friday, July 22, and the next day made an excursion to Vevey.

During a late debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright incidentally mentioned the fact that some time since he and Mr. Cobden had each a legacy of £1,500 left by a person they had never seen, as some compensation for their efforts to oppose the Russian war.

A foreign correspondent of the Times says: A gentleman, who has just arrived from Italy, states that he saw the people in Nice drag the bust of the Emperor through the kennels of the town.

In the correspondence from Paris it is observed that, notwithstanding the reductions in the army and navy, the men are always within grasp, and can be called from their retreat, and that the line which separates a peace footing from a war-footing is not very distinctly drawn in France.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says it is again rumored that the Emperor proposes to pay a visit to Queen Victoria, and that an early day, even Monday, August 1, is fixed for that purpose.

Feeling of French Officers.—A special correspondent, writing from Brescia on the 22nd, says:—"The genu French Colonels are not extinct yet. Several superior officers told me that their next expedition will be to Lombard street, London, instead of Lombardy, Italy." And the Paris correspondent of the Advertiser, writes:—"One of the best informed correspondents of the French papers writes to-day from Italy that among general officers an opinion prevails that the war which has terminated is but the prologue to another. This impression tallies with that expressed by a French general officer to an Italian, at Milan, the other day—'Now that we have done with Lombardy, we hope that the Emperor will lead us to Lombard street.' Nor do these sentiments differ from those attributed to Napoleon the III.:—'Do not believe for a moment that I have forgotten or forgiven the combinations devised by the English against my uncle. The day may not be far distant when I shall be able to prove it to you.' My informant was an ex-minister of the Prince Napoleon during the republic, and unless his Majesty's sentiments have changed, the Old Lady of Threadneedle street, and her neighbor of Lombard street, must look to their strong boxes."

The English cabinet has announced that the invitation to participate in the Congress of the Great Powers, will not be considered until after the result of the Zurich conference has been ascertained.

The result of the election on the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont, had been made known. At 141 places, including Leghorn and Florence, there were 309 affirmative and only 15 negative votes.

Le Nord denies that any French troops are to remain in the Duchies.

The Invalide Russe says that Austria and France may make whatever treaties they please, but in fixing the lot of Italy they are bound to ask the concurrence of the rest of Europe.

The Independance Belge says that the Austrian Provincial Councils will all be convoked soon, and will have complete liberty in their deliberations, and may make known openly and sincerely to the Emperor the wishes of their populations.

The first Austrian corps d' armee for the present will be maintained in Italy on a war footing, 200,000 strong. The other corps d' armee are to go to their former cantonments in Gallicia and Hungary.

Garibaldi and the Italian War of Independence.—The London Post says that Garibaldi has sent a circular to all the free States of Italy, declaring his army to be ready at any moment to continue the war of independence. Garibaldi has issued the following order, dated Lavere, July 19th:—"However the political affairs may go in the present circumstances, it is the duty of the Italians not only *not* to lay down their arms and manifest discouragement, but to swell their ranks, and show to Europe that, guided by the heroic Victor Emmanuel, they are ready again to contrast the vicissitudes of war in whatever form they may present themselves."

Spain.—The Madrid journals of the 26th state that a number of deputies, at La Granja, waited on the Queen to congratulate her on her pregnancy. It is said that the government had resolved on establishing a municipal system in Cuba.

India—Rebellion among the Company's European Troops.—The dates are to July 17th.—The disaffection among the late Company's European troops is increasing. At Benaresupon they are in open mutiny, and have entrenched themselves in barracks, and elected officers to command them. The Peninsers have followed the example of the Bengal troops. Central India is quiet. The Times' Calcutta correspondent says:—"The campaign has been left to the Oude police, and Europeans have withdrawn under cover."

The rebels were still 6,000 strong, but were in terrible distress.

China—The War in Cochin China.—The U. S. steamer Powhattan had got ashore near Woosung, but it was expected she would be got off uninjured.

Intelligence from Cochin China tells of losses sustained by the allied forces, and says great sickness prevails there. The natives fight bravely, and it was said that the French Admiral had applied for reinforcements.

France.—Paris, Wednesday.—The Moniteur announces the dissolution of the army of the Rhine, though the camps Chalons and Elfant remain established.

London, Wednesday.—The Times' Paris correspondent says the Emperor is very anxious to satisfy the European powers of his pacific intentions, and before many days the European powers will be invited to a Congress, where a solution of the Italian difficulty will be proposed, which will deserve support for its liberal character. Prince Napoleon is said to be indefatigable in his efforts for an amicable settlement of all differences among the European powers. Orders have been given for the disarming of all the ships at Brest, and for the French Admiral to haul down his flag. Indeed, what was called the Ocean Squadron has ceased to exist.

No change is to be noticed in the commercial situation of France. The accounts from the agricultural districts are not unfavorable. The wheat crop has not sustained much injury.—The barley crop was not expected to be productive, but the stock on hand was immense. The crop of oats will probably be more productive than was expected ten days since. The harvest altogether will exceed that of an ordinary year, and there will be an overplus for exportation.

The Papal States.—The Times' correspondent from Rome, says:—

"There is great disaffection here, and I have no hesitation in saying that the French soldiers alone keep down a general outbreak."

The Jesuits have been driven out of Faleana, Ferli, and Ferrara.

The Bologna Gazette publishes a declaration that the provinces of Romagna have shaken off the Papal yoke never to return again, and that their wish is to be annexed to Sardinia.

The Tuscan army has taken up a position between Modena and Reggio.

Turin, July 30.—The Dictator of Modena has convoked the popular assemblies. All persons competent to read and write, and whose age is not less than 21, will be entitled to vote. Perfect order prevails.

England.—The London Herald has the following: "We have reason to believe that Mr. Dallas has recently placed in the hands of Lord John Russell a despatch from Washington, in which it is stated that the United States Government have resolved to abandon privateering(?) and thus to accept the declaration respecting this portion of the maritime law, agreed upon at the Congress at Paris, in 1856."

The grand duchess Marie of Russia, arrived at Dover, on the 31st of July, after a rough passage from Ostend.

A Nine Hour Movement.—The London Builders' League are on a strike to enforce the system of *nine* hours for a day's labor, and it is said that the combination is so perfect that they are likely to succeed in their demand—for a time, at least.

Napoleon III. and M. Cavour.—When, after the peace, M. Cavour found himself for the first time face to face with the Emperor and the King, he found it impossible to remain within the bounds of etiquette, and his indignation burst violently forth—so violently that at length Louis Napoleon, under control as he is, lost temper in turn and threatened! The word "arrest" escaped his lips, at which the betrayed Piedmontese minister turned round, saying: "Arrest me! Try it! But you would not dare, for you would then have no choice left you but to go back to France through the Tyrol!" You will readily see how easy it is that a great deal should be publicly known here just now, when you reflect upon the unbounded unbridled rage of the Palais Royal. From the Princess Clotilde downwards, there is no one there who does not add the word "traitor" in a hundred variations a day.

The inhabitants of Mogadore, Africa, have risen in rebellion and established a republic. It is a seaport of the Empire of Morocco, on the Atlantic.

Republican Plainness.—Describing the opening of Parliament, the London Times makes happy allusion to the United States Minister: "All the space allowed to the diplomatic corps (it says) is full, and blazes at every point with ribbons, stars and orders of every kind. Conspicuous among them all, in his plain evening dress and snow-white hair, is the American Minister, Mr. Dallas, a striking type, if we may so call him, of the simple institutions of the great republic which he represents so well."

Movements of M. Kossuth.—Mr. John M'Adam, of Glasgow, writes on Thursday to the North British Daily Mail: "This morning I have received very late and trustworthy intelligence from M. Kossuth. Particulars I am not yet at liberty to communicate; however, for the satisfaction of his numerous friends I may state, that after his betrayal he remained long enough to save as many of his revolted countrymen from harm as he could, and to prevent any further present hopeless insurrection. He then retired into Switzerland, where he was joined by Madame Kossuth three days ago; and it is uncertain whether he may not be obliged to remain for some weeks before he returns to England."

Napoleon's Diplomatic Inviolability.—The stoical calmness of demeanor which once characterized the Emperor Napoleon seems to be giving place to a susceptibility too strong for concealment. Perhaps the consciousness of certain political faults likely to shake the confidence once reposed in his judgment and appreciation of his own interests may account for the change. Be this as it may, the irritation betrayed in the very first lines of his Majesty's reply to the very brief address of the diplomatic body through their spokesman, the Papal Nuncio, as given in this day's Moniteur, has excited general attention and regret. This time the reproach apparently is not addressed to one ambassador, as on the first of January last, but to the representatives of almost all European States. The tone of voice was suited to the words: the manner was brief and hurried. The representative of one of the German States was impatiently asked whether his "fears were at last dissipated." On the whole the thing was gone through like a most unpleasant task, of which it might be said that the sooner it was over the better. The Moniteur has, I am told, inserted a word which was not spoken by the Emperor. His Majesty said, "Europe has been so unjust," &c., and not "Europe in general"—the words "in general" were added for the sake of Russia. Prussia and England are believed to be the countries to which the reproach is specially addressed.—*Corres. of Manchester Guardian.*

The Markets.—Aug. 3.—Cotton is quiet but steady. The Manchester advices are favorable. Breadstuffs and Provisions dull—the latter having a declining tendency. Beef heavy and tending downwards. Bacon dull, but steady. Lard dull. Tallow firmer, but quiet. Rosin steady at 3s 8d for common. Turpentine—Spirits dull at 33s 1da 34s 6d. Sugar quiet. Coffee dull. Rice (Carolina) dull.

London Markets.—Baring Brothers report Breadstuffs firm. Holders demand an advance, but it was not obtained. Foreign Wheat is quoted 1s higher. Sugar steady. Coffee firm. Tea is slow of sale, but the prices are unaltered. Rice is firm.

☞ Men rise on stepping stones, of their dead selves, to higher things.—*Tennyson.*

NEWS ITEMS.

Commodore Vanderbilt has sold out his independent line of California steamers.

Gen. Walker is organizing another Nicaraguan expedition, which is to rendezvous at New Orleans by the 15th of September.

We learn from Fayette, Indiana, papers, that Professor Wise has concluded arrangements for starting on a trans-continental balloon voyage from that city on Tuesday, the 16th inst., his object being to reach Philadelphia. The ascension will take place at three o'clock in the afternoon. He is now engaged in re-coating and otherwise outfitting the "Jupiter" for a long voyage. The Lafayette Journal says that Prof. Wise designs to make this the greatest ascension of his life.

The Newcastle (Eng.) Daily Chronicle says that a well-known banker lately observed that several of his clerks had adorned themselves with moustaches. He called into his private room all the moustached, and said,—"Gentlemen, I have no wish to interfere with your private amusements or hobbies, but I must insist upon the moustaches being off in business hours. After 5 P. M. indulge your hobbies if you choose."

Mr. Geo. Loane, the absconding Grand Master of the Odd Fellows in England, has turned up in Clifton, C. W. It will be recollected that, before leaving England, he stole £20,000 of the funds belonging to the Order.

A Useful Table.—Counting plants one foot apart each way, we shall have 43,560 upon an acre, because an acre contains that number of superficial feet. Take the figure in the first column of the following table as the distance apart, and an acre will contain the number of plants in the second column:

1½ feet	19,360	12 feet	302
2 feet	10,890	15 feet	193
2½ feet	6,969	18 feet	134
3 feet	4,580	20 feet	103
3½ feet	3,835	23 feet	90
4 feet	2,722	25 feet	69
5 feet	1,742	30 feet	43
6 feet	1,210	35 feet	35
8 feet	680	40 feet	27
10 feet	435	45 feet	21

A Large Eel.—A few days since, while three men were fishing in Cocalico Creek at Shen's dam, near Reamstown, Pennsylvania, one of the party drew up and succeeded in getting to land an eel of very large size. After it was landed it got detached from the hook, and the united strength of the three men were unable to hold it, and it got into the water again. They think it could not have been less than six feet in length.

Mons. Debats is having a dispute with Mons. Blondin, at Niagara. He offers to "fight Blondin on the rope, for $500." This will draw a crowd, should Blondin accept. The fight, we imagine, will result in one blow, one clinch, and two draws. The world moves.

The Landing of Slaves in Florida.—It appears that the story recently telegraphed from Washington, concerning the landing of a cargo of African slaves in Florida, was a hoax.

How to State a Lady's Age.—A writer says: "I was lately describing to 'The Bishop' a wedding I had witnessed in New York, and was eulogizing the beauty of the bride, on whom had shone the light of only eighteen summers." The hardened offender merely replied: "You would express her age more satisfactorily, according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs had passed over her head."

The vote in Oregon for Congressman is so close, that the official returns will have to be awaited, to decide whether Democrat or Republican is elected.

"No Accounting for Taste."—The Hartford (Conn.) Post, says that Margaret Hannon, a pretty white girl, 16 years of age attempted to commit suicide by drowning, at New London, on Saturday night, because her father would not permit her to marry a Portuguese negro. She was rescued.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, has determined to leave Venice, and return to Virginia, for the purpose of making that State his permanent biding place.

The race between "Flora Temple" and "Princess," in New York, resulted in favor of the former, in three straight heats. Time—2.23¼; 2.22; 2.23½.

Lime as a Disinfectant.—In analyzing the condition of the London sewers, Dr. Letheby, the chemist, asserts that the lime thrown into them is almost useless. It retards, but does not prevent decomposition, and the disengagement of malarious gases.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions, as one of the things which disturbed the pleasure of Commencement at Harvard College, an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece" to the "contemptible articles in the New York Ledger," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient to blow his nose about that time.

Alleged Cure for Fever and Ague.—The following, brought from the Spanish Main, and said to be an unfailing cure for fever and ague, is highly recommended by an exchange:—"Just before the chill comes on, have a pot of very strong coffee made and keep it hot, and when the first chill is felt, pour out about a pint and squeeze the juice of a couple of lemons into it, and a little sugar to make it palatable, drink it off go to bed and cover up warm. One trial of this often cures, whilst two or three trials never fails."

Sunday Law in Cincinnati—Jews Not Amenable to its Penalties.—A novel principle embodied in the Sunday Law was determined in Cincinnati on Thursday. It was the case of the City vs. Joseph M. Schloss, of the city ordinance, in exposing goods for sale on Sunday. It was admitted that defendant was an Israelite, and conscientiously observed the Jewish Sabbath. Prosecuting Attorney Johnson, when the case was first called on Monday last, having some doubts in that case whether or not the defendant was amenable to the law, submitted to Judge Lowe the various decisions that have been made both *pro* and *con.* upon the Sunday question, by the supreme Court of this State. Judge Lowe remarked that, after a careful consideration of the authorities to which he had been cited, and more especially to Rice vs. City of Cincinnati, 15 Ohio, 225, where almost the same question had been decided, he could come to no other conclusion than that, as the defendant observed strictly the Sabbath of his religion, he had a right to transact his ordinary business in the usual manner on Sunday. The defendant was accordingly discharged.—*Cincinnati paper.*

Farming in Eastern Pennsylvania.—Here is a man just returned from a visit among farmers in Pennsylvania, who has been turned by the superior skill and practice of the farmers there. Strange as it may seem, he avers that our German farmers are half a century behind their Pennsylvania cousins in the art and practice of manuring and culture; that the Pennsylvanians are not only more industrious, but by their superior arrangement they do less labor unwisely, and make no movement but in the right direction. He says that, by the aid of time and the leguminous clover plant, farms that were once much worn are now rich, and that more wheat, corn and rye are grown there than ever; the latter yielding from thirty to forty bushels to the acre, and rye is considered no more exhausting to the soil than the cereal timothy plant. By green manuring, liming, fatting animals on the farm, and selling off carbonaceous rye straw instead of nitrogenous clover hay, they keep the fertility of their farms intact. The absorbing limestone *rock*, in many places, acts as an undercream to the surface soil, but where it is necessary it is never neglected, and good crops in adverse seasons are more common in Pennsylvania than in any other State.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Spiritualistic Marriage.—At the Convention of Spiritualists held at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th of August, the novel feature of a marriage between two Spiritualists was introduced among the exercises. It is thus described:

The declaration of sentiments having been got rid of, the next matter in order was the solemnization of marriage between Mr. Nathan C. Lewis and Mrs. Eunice A. Babbitt, of Boston. The lady was dressed in loose flowing robes of white, deeply trimmed in blue, and wore blue satin shoes. The two girls, her daughters by a former marriage, were dressed in exactly the same style, and followed her to the platform. The bridegroom placed himself beside her. He is a physician. Both had been married before, and each about thirty-five years of age.

Mr. Loveland, who was formerly a Methodist minister, though he does not now appreciate the title of "reverend," addressing the congregation, said:

"Although Spiritualists in general do not accept, but are opposed to the regulations that exist legally in regard to the subjugation of woman in the marriage relations, still they do generally, if not universally, admit the propriety of making a public acknowledgment of their relations."

Then, turning to the interested parties, he said:

"My brother and sister, I ask you to make no promise, I impose upon you no obligation. All the obligations you have, you have yourselves assumed in your own spirits. I know your hearts. You have already in your spirits consummated the union as far as it could possibly be. I stand not here to marry you. This congregation are not witnesses, and are not called upon to be witnesses of your marriage. But I stand here to affirm legally the fact, and to ask this congregation to join with me in pronouncing a benediction and blessing on the union into which you have entered, which you here acknowledge, and which you here formally before the world complete. In token, then, of this union, which you have cemented in your souls, and which you now confess before the world, please join your right hands."

The happy couple complied with the request. Then Mr. Loveland placed a hand on each of their heads, and blessed them in this form:

"And now, on behalf of this audience, and on behalf of the attending spirits that are around us and with us, I bless this union; I bless you in their behalf, as you start together on the journey of life."

This was the whole ceremony. The bridegroom made a formal bow to the audience. The bride, who had been quietly fanning herself throughout the performance, dropped a curtsey. The pair, with their little attendants in white and blue, stepped off the platform, and the audience applauded so long that it seemed as if they wished the last scene encored.

Then Mr. Wright was called upon to say something on the subject of marriage and paternity. He spoke for a few moments, and ended by presenting to the couple a copy of one of his works, probably "The Unwelcome Child." Shortly afterward the Chairman was made the medium of handing to the bridegroom a bouquet, which he termed a volume of natural theology. Dr. Lewis accepted the gift, and promised to study it. Thus ended the marriage scene.

☞"Joe, why were you out so late last night?"

"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve!"

"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie! I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch—it was 3 o'clock."

"Well, isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
"5" compos '74	101	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	102½	103
" "	—	102
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	65
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County "	—	—
R R issue	—	60
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	90	90½
Penn 6 pr ct	90	—
" 5 " coupon	74	75
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	83½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	115
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	131	131
Philadelphia	114	—
Far & Mec	56	57
Commercial	49½	49½
N Liberty	62	—
Mechanics	261	261
Southwark	89	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	64	66
Girard	—	6
Western	—	58
Man & Mech	254	6
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62	—
City	44	45½
Consolidation	24½	25
Commonwealth	19	20
Corn Exchange	28½	—
Germantown	—	30
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	—
Northern	—	—
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	100
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	160	—
Com & R R Bank	—	—
Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas	—	—
Lgnt Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	14	—
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Insurance	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	51	—
Southwark & Frankford R R	61	62
Bonds	—	93

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	99	100
2nd "	86	87
stock		
Interest off	33½	34
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	119½	119½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	79	80
mort 6's '44	89	91
" " '88	—	83
stock	21½	21½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	96	97
stock	28	29
Phila. Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan '60	94½	—
Ches Val R R	78	—
Tioga R R	75	—
Will'ton & Elmira 7's 1st mort	50	50
2d "	—	26
stock	—	31
Catawissa	2	4
Beaver Meadow stock	—	50
preferred 10 pr ct	56	
North Penna R R stock	8	9
6 pr ct loan	65	65½
Phi Ger & Nor R R stock	49	49½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	50	—
Hest and Lan R R stock	56½	57
bonds '68	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	16
Long Island R R stock	10½	10½
bonds	81	83
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	30	—
N Y Centrs "	72½	—
Michigan Centra "	47	48½
Illinois "	61	—
Michigan Southern "	7½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	62	63
imp. 6 pr ct stock	7½	25
preferred	10	11
Lehigh Nav stock	47	48
mort 6 pr ct	—	90
scrip	24½	25
Morris Canal preferred	—	101
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
Union bonds	72½	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds	2	2½
bonds 1878	29	31
	50	53

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 13, 1859.

Pennsylvania.		Georgia.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes	½ dis	South Carolina.	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks par to	½ dis	Alabama.	
Delaware.		Solv bks	1 to 2 dis
Solv bks par to	½ dis	Mississippi.	
Maryland.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	Louisiana.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
New York.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Maine.		Kentucky.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
New Hampshire.		Indiana.	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	½ dis
Vermont.		Illinois.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	3 dis
Connecticut.		Missouri.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Massachusetts.		Tennessee.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	2½ dis
Rhode Island.		Michigan.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Virginia.		Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Dist. of Columbia.		Texas.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank,	
North Carolina.		Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	Canada.	
		Solv bks	½ dis

At the late election in St. Louis, the vote taken upon the question whether the liquor-selling establishments should be closed or not upon the Sabbath, resulted as follows: For closing, 7,413; against closing, 5,292; majority for closing, 2,121. The Councils, however, have since authorized the opening of these establishments, during a portion of every Sunday.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been extremely quiet during the past week, and Wheat has again advanced 5@8c ₱ bus. The only transactions reported are 1000 bbls fresh ground superfine, made of new Wheat at $5,50 ₱ bbl, at which holders are firm; 200 bbls old stock at $5; 250 bbls fresh ground Lancaster co extra, made of old Wheat, at $6; 100 bbls do extra family, at $6,75, and 100 bbls condemned on private terms. The sales to the home trade have been to a moderate extent from $5 to 6,75 ₱ bbl, according to quality and freshness. Rye Flour—The receipts and stocks continue small, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 250 bbls at $3,75. Corn Meal continues dull, but prices are without change. Sales of 300 bbls Penna at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. No further sales of Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat—Supplies have been quite small. Sales of 24,000 bus Penna and Southern red at $1,28@1,35—chiefly at $1,30@1,33, and white at $1,35@1,45, including 2000 bus choice Kentucky at the latter figure, and some inferior lots at our lowest quotation. Of old Wheat the market is now comparatively bare. Rye—Supplies of new have been coming forward more freely, and 2600 bus Penna and Del sold at 70c, and 1500 bus old were taken at 78c. Corn—Supplies come forward very slowly. Sales of 16,000 bus Southern and Penna yellow at 75c, afloat, and in store; and 5000 bus at 76@77c—closing at the latter figure—including several lots of damaged at 70@74c, and good white at 75c. Oats—Supplies have been coming forward freely, but there has been an active inquiry, and prices have advanced 2@3c ₱ bus. Sales of 20,000 bus old Penna at 37@38c—closing at the latter rate, and 6000 bus new Del ware and Maryland at 33@34c.

PROVISIONS—There is but little movement in any description this week; but for Bacon at the close there was more inquiry. The demand for Pork is quite limited, and we again reduce our quotations $1 ₱ bbl. Sales of 450 bbls Mess at $15@15,50, and Prime at $13,50. Beef is selling in lots for ship's stores at $16@18, cash. Bacon—The demand has been good and prices are firm. Sales of 250 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10@12c, 60 days—chiefly at the latter quotation: 150 casks Sides at 9¼@9¾c—now held higher; and 200 casks Shoulders at 7¼@7¾c ₱ lb. The receipts of Green Salted Meats have about ceased, and the stock here is trifling. The only sales reported are a lot of Hams in pickle at 10c; Sides at 8½c; and some Shoulders, in dry salt, at 7¼c, 60 days. Lard continues quiet at the decline noted last week. The stock is small but fully adequate for the demand. Sales of 200 tcs and bbls at 10¾@11¼c, and kegs at 12@12½c, on time. Butter continues to meet a very limited inquiry. Sales of 30,000 lbs solid packed at 11@13c ₱ lb, as in quality, and several lots of Grease at 8@8½c, cash. Cheese is unchanged. Sales of New York at 9@9½c. Eggs are dull at 10@11c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The receipts this week has been comparatively light. Prices of qualities above good middling are quite firm, but inferior descriptions are neglected, and prices are lower. Sales of 980 bales at 10¾@13¾ ₱ lb for good ordinary and middling fair Uplands, and 11@14½c for New Orleans, including 152 bales St. Domingo at 11c; samples at 11c; Stained at 10@10½c; damaged at 9c; and pickings at 4½c.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark have been small, and holders are firm at the improvement noted at the close of last week, but the demand has fallen off. Sales of 27 hhds No 1 at $30 ₱ ton. There is but little Tanner's Bark arriving. Sales of Spanish Oak at $13@13,50, and Chestnut at $11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is unchanged, and there is very little offering. Sales of good Yellow at 37@38c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—Supplies continue to come forward freely, but orders from the Eastward come in slowly. We continue, however, our last quotation. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet. Sales of 800 bags Rio at 10¾@11¾c, some Laguayra at 11¾c, and St Domingo at 10¾ ₱ lb on time.

COPPER is unchanged. Small sales of English Sheathing at 26c; American Yellow Metal at 20c, and 1000 sheets English do at 21c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull. Small sales of Western at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT of all kinds is coming forward freely, and meets a very limited inquiry. Green Apples are plenty, and dull at $1,25@2,50. Peaches are more abundant, and range from 31¼c to $1,20 ₱ basket. Further sales of North Carolina Pea Nuts at $1,85 ₱ bushel. For Dried Apples and Peaches prices are entirely nominal.

HEMP—There is little or no American here in first hands, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES are dull. The stock is small, but no further transactions have been reported.

HOPS have been but little inquired after. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 10@13c, as in quality. In old Hops nothing doing.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal has again been quite limited, but as the accounts from abroad are favorable, holders are firmer in their demands. Sales of 900 tons Anthracite, in lots at $22@23 ₱ ton for No 1; $21@22 for No 2, and $20@20,50 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for No 3. 100 tons Charcoal sold at $30, 6 mos. Scotch Pig Iron is held at $24 ₱ ton, 6 mos, but there is little or no demand and no sales have been reported. Blooms are unchanged. A sale of Charcoal at $65, and some Northern at $40, 6 mos. In Bar and Boiler Iron the sales have been limited within the range of last week's quotations.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is very much reduced; a sale of 1870 pigs Galena at about $5,90 cash.

LEATHER has been dull, but of heavy Slaughter the market is bare, and there is little or none coming forward.

LUMBER—The season is far advanced, and the transactions have been limited. Among them we notice 500,000 English L the at $1,50@1,55; 30 000 do Pickets at $5,50@6,50 ₱ M for 4 and 4½ feet; and Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14@15,-50 ₱ M f. et. Staves and Shingles are dull.

MOLASSES—The market presents no new feature. The receipts and stocks are light, but they are adequate for the demand, and prices are unchanged.

PLASTER—There is but little coming forward. The last sale of Soft was at $2,75 ₱ ton.

SPIRITS—The transactions have been limited. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36@38c. Whiskey continues dull. Sales of 300 bbls Ohio at 27@27½c—in choice pkgs, at the latter quotation; 200 bbls Penna at 26c; hhds at 25½@26c, and Drudge at 25c. Alcohol is selling at 51@57c.

SUGAR—The market has been quite dull since our last report, but without change in prices.—Supplies come forward slowly, and the stock is moderate. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba at $5,50@6,62½; 120 hhds, 100 bbls, low grade English Island, *for refining*, at $5,50; 20 hhds Porto Rico at $6@7,50, and some New Orleans at $7,25@7,50 on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed are trifling, but the demand for it has fallen off. Sales at $5,50@5 75 ₱ 64 lbs. American Flax seed is wanted, and taken on arrival at $1,66 weight. Timothy is selling in small lots at $2,50@2,75 ₱ bushel.

TALLOW meets a very limited inquiry. Sales of City Rendered at 10¾@11c ₱ lb cash.

TOBACCO—The demand is limited, but the market for both leaf and manufactured is firm at previous quoted rates.

WOOL—The transactions of the past week have been mostly confined to small lots, ranging from 38c to 45@55c net, for common to half blood and fine fleece. The dealers are doing very little, most of the large manufacturers being well supplied by their recent purchases in the west.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 13 — BREADSTUFFS—Flour declined—sales of 4400 bbls at $4@4,30 for St. to, $4,65@5,70 for Ohio. Wheat heavy; sales of 14,000 bus new red at $1,18, old Western white $1,13@1,15. Corn declined; sales of 15,000 bus at 75@77c for mixed. Pork is heavy at $13,87½@14 for Mess, and $9,50@10 for Prime. Lard dull. Whiskey dull at 25½c.

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—24 head I Abrahams, Greene co, 8½@10; 47 H Chain, Fayette co, 7@9; 50 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8@10; 113 J Voters, Ohio, inferior, 8@8½; 28 D W Gemmill, Del co, 7@9; 115 Murphy & Co, Va, 8@9½; 21 Lloyd & Snall, Westmoreland co, inf, 7½; 25 I Kuhn, inf, 8@8½; 52 W Fuller, Va, 8 @8½. 30 Baker & Bluhaser, Iowa, 7@8½; 75 E McQuaid, Ohio, 8@9½; 16 Saelby, Berks co, 8; 21 A Hibbert, Susquehanna co, 8@9. The arrivals of Sheep during the week amounted to about 12,000 head which sold at from 8@8½c ₱ lb net.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—26 head Chatham & McCall, Del co, 8½@10; 11 W Alexander, Chester co, 8½@9½; 23 Whiteside & Hathaway, Lancaster co, 8@9½; 62 Cochran & J McFillan, by Bastable & Chancellor, Balt, 8½@9½; 22 Hathaway, Lancaster co, 8½@9½; 49 Todd, Chester co, 8½@9½; 40 Kemble & Kirk, do, 8@9½.

FORT BRIDGER.

Col. Bridger, the proprietor of "Fort Bridger," so famous in connection with the history of the Mormon disturbances, settled in the vicinity of Salt Lake in 1835, and has since greatly distinguished himself as hunter, trapper, trader, and guide. In an interview with Gov. Cumming, on the advance of the army to Utah, he stated to him, that some years since, while pursuing the buffalo, he had discovered an immense rock of pure crystal, through which the sun's rays were reflected with all the gorgeousness of the most magnificent rainbow, but that he had lost the place, and had never been able to rediscover it. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, which can be discovered in the store of any druggist or dealer in medicine, will *positively cure* Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, &c., and will almost restore to the old all the vigor of their youthful days.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Charles P. Bethel, M. D. to Miss Lizzie Smart, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the same, Mr. George W. Clark, to Miss Mary A. Hallworth, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Beatty, Mr. William Freeman, to Miss Mary A. Barton, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Turner, Mr. Jonathan Tompkins, to Mrs. Deborah A. Hayward, both of this city.

On the 25th of June, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. William Richardson, to Miss Eliza H. Garrison, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. John D. Evans, to Miss Priscilla A. Whitesides, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Metcalf, M. D., Mr. Edmund B. Walton, to Miss Mary A. Lockman, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, Mr. Charles P. Fisher, to Miss Sallie Schwaner.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. R. C. Matlock, Richard B. Weir, to Lizzie H. daughter of Wm Mann, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Sarah Thompson, aged 85 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. John Greenwell, aged 38 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Catharine, relict of Wm. Cain, aged 54 years.

On the 9th instant, Mary Ann, wife of Geo. H. Pitman, aged 19 years.

At Media, on the 9th instant, William Wilson, aged 58 years.

On the 8th instant, Capt. Benjamin Ingersoll, aged 57 years.

On the 7th instant, John J. Martin, aged 36.

On the 7th instant, Mr. John Dettweiler, aged 57 years.

On the 8th instant, Thomas Chadwick, aged 77 years.

On the 6th instant, Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Mrs. Mary A. and the late Geo. Gibson, aged 27.

On the 6th instant, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Addison Hines, aged 42 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. Rebecca Matthews, aged 23 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Annie McFetridge, aged 35 years.

BOOK AGENTS!

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Silver Lepines, open face	9
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MONE

Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

DAIRY AND BACON.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"I should have said you would be more humane," observed a London friend to me, "than to shut up your cows. I could not have believed you would be so cruel."

A few minutes' conversation made a wonderful difference in this benevolent lady's impressions. She was a thorough Londoner, and knew nothing of cow tastes and habits. With the ordinary human tendency to fetishism she regarded cow-life from her own point of view, and pitied my Meggie and Ailsie for not seeing the lovely landscape as they lay ruminating. The argument may be shortly given. Granting that the so called "natural condition" of animals is the happiest, which may not be true in the quadruped any more than the human case, it is impossible at this time of day to put our domestic cattle under the conditions of the primitive life of their race. When they roamed our island wild they could shelter themselves from the noonday heat in the forest, and escape the flies by getting into the water; whereas, when once cows are domesticated, there is an end of forest shade, and of recourse to lakes and rivers; and the question is, whether something better is not given. Taking the winter into the question, there can be no doubt about the matter. Lean cows were slaughtered in autumn, and salted down for winter food, in old times, because there were no means of feeding them during the interval between the late and early grass; and, as for those which were spared the slaughter, we know what their wildness from hunger was by the end of winter. The cows on a small farm (or on a large one either) cannot have open woods and waters to resort to; and, if sent out to feed, have a half and-half sort of life, the superiority of which to stall-feeding may be questionable. They have neither the natural nor the artificial protection from heat and flies, and their condition is less equable than that of the stall fed cow. In high summer they may be very fat and sleek—too fat to be perfect milkers; but in early spring they are meagre, ragged, and half-dry, when the stall fed animals are nearly as sleek and prosperous as at any other season.

Every observer remarks on the good plight of my cows when those of the neighboring farmers are turned out upon the fells in spring; and, during the summer, if Meggie and Ailsie happen to be out towards noon, they turn into their stable of their own accord to escape the flies and enjoy the coolness. The test is the health of the animals; and, by all I have been able to learn, stall fed cows, properly managed, live longer, give more milk in the long run, have fewer illnesses, and are better tempered than those which are treated in the ordinary method of our old-fashioned farming. When Cow Life Insurance societies become as numerous as they ought to be, their tables will soon show whether stall-feeding is favorable to life and health, or the contrary. Meantime, the world is grievously in want of agricultural statistics in that department, as in every other.

I may remark here, that the ladies who tell us of their four-acre farm, and all other farmers, large and small, will be wise to insure their cows' lives, if any well-established society for the purpose exists within reach. At this season last year, when I lost a cow for the first time, I should have been very glad of such a resource. The few shillings per year for each cow are worth paying, if never wanted back again; for the peace of mind is a main feature in the bargain, as in the case of life and fire insurance. One of the finest and healthiest young cows I ever saw, which had calved prosperously a year before, calved last June in the midst of the thundery weather which then prevailed. The storm burst just after; my poor cow sank down, and never got up again. This was a case of sheer accident; no management could have prevented it; and the appropriate consolation would have been receiving her value from an Insurance Society if I had had the opportunity.

Country residents who know how often the familiar petition comes round on behalf of the cottager or small farmer who has lost a cow or two, can bear witness to the policy of establishing such a society in every rural neighborhood, and taking care of its being founded on a safe basis. The subscriptions now given on petition would be better bestowed on such a foundation. Good would be done, and ease of mind afforded, all round; and after ten years or so, the collective records would yield some very valuable knowledge as to the life and health of farm-stock.

The combined experience of a neighborhood or district must surely lead to an improved medical treatment of animals. The greatest drawback on small farming is the helplessness of the proprietor when a cow or pig is ill. It requires to be on the spot to believe the nonsense that is talked on such occasions in retired villages, and what passions are called into play. A few months after I began, I was told that my cow was ill. The local doctor was sent for, and he gave his verdict and instituted the treatment. But I could make nothing of the matter at all—neither what ailed the cow, nor whether it was serious, nor even whether she might die. By the bustle and solemnity, and my man being seen to brush away tears when my back was turned, I augured the worst; but I do not at this moment know how far she was in danger. The report was: "'Tis the worm in the tail, that go all along her back and up into her head, so that her teeth are loose, and she can't properly eat." She was bled in the tail, dosed with physic, fed with meal, and rubbed, and in a day or two she was quite well. Other alarms of the same kind have occurred since; and the sense of blank ignorance in one's self, and of the quackery of those who pretend to know more, while the suffering animal is sinking before one's eyes, is decidedly the most disagreeable experience of rural life in my case. And then, if one asks a question, or demurs to bleeding (from which a cow rarely recovers completely), or proposes any simple method, or talks to send for the local oracle, or, worst of all, sends for a real veterinary surgeon too, there is an astonishing outburst of passions. Doctor and farm man quarrel: "The lady may cure her own cows"—"Nobody will set a foot on the premises if new notions are to be tried"—and so forth. Happy they who live within immediate reach of a qualified veterinary surgeon! In the absence of such a resource there is, I believe, no doubt whatever that the simple rules and facts of homœopathic practice are the greatest possible boon. The operation of that method of practice in the case of cattle and horses is too remarkable to leave room for question, I understand, among those most opposed to it in the human case.

I have said all the harm I have to say of my first cow. She was a rather large but very pretty short-horn, of the local kind. It does not do for small farmers to try many experiments with different kinds of cows; and it is generally safest to be content with the local sort. I live too far north for Alderneys, which ladies often incline to, to their cost in the long run; but I hoped much from a cheap, hardy little Kerry cow, such as I have known to be very profitable in the midland counties; but she did not answer. Meggie, however, my first experiment, served and pleased me well for six years. I gave £15 for her at six years old, and she was valued at £7 when I exchanged her at the end of six years. Thus, spreading her prime cost—viz.: £8—over the six years, together with 4 per cent. interest on the £15, she cost me, as a purchase, £1 18s. a year.

The cost of her maintenance cannot be given with equal precision, because her food was as various as we could make it, and it is impossible to estimate the value of every article we grew. But we can ascertain within a narrow margin how much Meggie cost, and how well it answered to keep her. The proper amount of food for a milch cow, is not less than 70 lbs. per day—a fattening bullock requiring about 90 lbs. For stall-feeding we must reckon the winter as lasting five months, in our northern counties. Each cow, therefore, must have four tons of roots and one ton of hay, with a few extras, such as I will presently mention. Allowing for calving times, exigencies, and indulgences, throughout the year, we purchase about a ton of hay for each cow, in addition to our own crop. I pay a few shillings here and there in the neighborhood for grass and brewers' grains, and buy Thorley's cattle-food, an occasional load of straw, and a little meal at calving times. In ordinary seasons, the bought food may be set down at about £10 for each cow. Her share of the men's wages may be reckoned at one-third, or £11, and the cost of tillage at £1 10s. The extra manure, beyond her own yield, is about £1 5s., and her share of the cost of utensils and their repairs, £1 5s., and of the interest of the capital invested in her stable and all the accessories by which she benefits, £1 10s. I think this is all that Meggie can have cost me.

As for her produce, there was the annual calf, which brought, if a bull calf, only 5s., and if a wye (cow calf), a guinea at the end of a week. She gave us, on the average of the year, ten quarts of milk per day. After calving, she gave sixteen quarts or more for a time; to set against which there was the decline and dryness before calving; so that we reckon the average at ten quarts. Her manure is already set off against her food. We have not here the London prices, which so brighten the accounts of the Four Acre Farm. We must reckon the new milk at 2d. the quart, and butter as averaging 11d. per lb. Our lowest price is 8d., and the highest 1s. 3d. Reckoning the produce as milk, it brings £30 8s. 4d. per cow, for the year. I might magnify it by reckoning a part as butter; but I wish to be on the safe side, and will, therefore, put our sales and gains at the lowest.

COST OF EACH COW.

	£	s.	d.
Food bought	10	0	0
Attendance	11	0	0
Tillage	1	10	0
Manure	1	5	0
Utensils and repairs	1	5	0
Interest on capital	1	18	0
Prime cost and interest	1	18	0
	£28	8	0

PRODUCE OF EACH COW.

	£	s.	d.
Milk	30	8	4
Calf (average)	0	13	0
	£31	1	4
Cost	28	8	0
	£1	13	4

This small surplus may be set apart to meet accidents; and thus Meggie just paid her own expenses, leaving to me and my household the satisfaction of seeing man, wife, and animals maintained, the place rendered fertile, and ourselves supplied with rural luxuries which were not to be had for money.

Afraid of the responsibility of inducing any rash experiment, I have rather over estimated than underrated the expenses, and made the very least of our gains; and it must be remembered that in the neighborhood of London, or any other large town, the expense of food and wages would be the same, while the sale of produce would bring in about one-third more.

The mode of life of a stall-fed cow is very simple. By 6 A. M., at latest, in summer, and 7 A. M., in winter, her stable should be cleaned out,—all liquids swept into the drain and tank, all solids barrowed to the large tank down the field, and powdered charcoal deposited where most needed. A plentiful supply of air has been provided during the night by the opening of some of the windows, of which there are three. A small window in the roof, opened by a cord, secures the escape of foul air. The stable, being close to the cottage, is well warmed in winter. We find the cows do better without litter than with any kind we have been able to try. Cocoa-nut fibre mats were presented to me for trial, when it appeared that fern, haulm, and straw, tempted the cows to eat their litter; but the mats were too warm; and the animal's hoofs grew long and became brittle. A smooth surface of cement or asphalte appears to answer best, provided it is kept in thorough repair, and made sloping in the slightest possible degree, so as to allow liquid to run off, without fatiguing the cow by depriving her of a level standing-place.

The cleaning of the place being done, the next thing is the milking; and then the breakfast; and then the rubbing down of the animal. Her coat should be first curried, and then brushed every day, and her legs—particularly the hind legs—well rubbed. Her coat ought to be as glossy as that of a horse; and if she is not thoroughly freed from dirt, she will be restless in her eagerness to rub herself against wall or post on every side. Duly dressed, she lies down to ruminate in calm content.

In summer, when the hay is growing, she has cut grass, more or less every day. We get it from sundry patches on our own ground—from strips under the trees, from the slopes, the borders, and three-cornered bits in angles of the garden, and from the ditch, hedge, and road in the half acre; and also from any neighbor who will let us have it for the cutting, or a trifle over. There is some every day, till the cows can turn out after the hay-making. Meantime, there are the last of the mangold roots, and there is chopped straw dressed with Thorley's cattle-food, which is a great comfort as a resource, when food is scanty or precarious. The tradition of our district, of the eagerness of the cattle of the monks of Furness after the ash and holly sprays on the mountains, guides us to another resource. A cow will brave many obstacles to get the young sprays of the ash; so we crop ours from the pollards. The same with nettles in their season. We must not suppose these things had food, because we should not like them. Brewers' grains are another resource. Cows are very fond of them. When the roots are done, the cabbages are coming on; and then many helps arise; the thinnings of the growing turnips and mangold, and afterwards their crops of leaves. These things, with the ever-growing grass, carry us on to November, when the last cabbage is eaten, and the pasture must be manured. Then begins the winter routine. The cinders from the house, and a penny sack of shavings from the bobbin mill light the boiler fire which keeps the food warm for the day. The turnips are eaten first, because they do not keep so well as the mangold. A cwt. of turnips per day is rather more than two cows want, if there are carrots for them, or oat straw, with Thorley's food. The roots are sliced and boiled with the straw. The secret of giving turnips without fatal damage to the cream and butter is to pour off all the water, and give the roots dry, with fresh water to drink, of course. The hay is the dessert—given dry if the cows prefer it so. To keep their teeth in use, they may have a mangold root or two in the course of the day—"to amuse themselves with," as the man says. They have three regular meals in the day, and something more during the longest days. In winter, they settle well for the night after six o'clock.

Our dairy is in rather an odd place—under the library. It is the place of most equable temperature on the premises; the coolest in summer, and the warmest in winter; being a part of the cellar blasted out of the rock, and its windows nearly level with the garden ground outside. It is fitted up with slate stone shelves, and leaded cisterns for the milk. We have tried various new devices—glass, earthenware, and wood; but we find that the cream rises better in the old cisterns, lined with lead or zinc, than under any other circumstances. Our butter rarely gives any trouble in the making; and, since we fairly learned the art, it has had an excellent reputation. We do not often obtain so much as one pound from one quart of cream; and we are satisfied that this quantity cannot be got on an average of seasons and of cows; but on occasion we obtain it. The pig has the butter-milk and what skim-milk we do not use for our bread and cakes, nor sell. The consumption of cream in the household is not small. We relish it with our fruit and otherwise. We like custards and trifle and fruit-creams and white soups; and, now it is understood to have the properties which make cod-liver oil so much the fashion for weakly people, we agree how far preferable the domestic article is to the imported, and indulge largely in the medicine, ill or well.

It should not be omitted that our keeping cows is a social benefit. The troop of children coming for milk, morning and evening, is a sight. I have added to the advantage of the supply that of requiring ready money for it.—In old fashioned places, where money matters are irregular, and long credits cause perpetual mischief and frequent ruin, and where some of the gentry give away milk to people perfectly able to pay for it, it is a social service to insist on both paying and receiving ready money.—My cook is therefore charged with the dairy accounts, and upheld by her employers in giving no credit. Before we learned the ways of the place, customers who could afford strong drink and fine clothes, went into debt to us for milk up to nearly £1, and then went to another dairy. It was no better kindness to them than to ourselves to allow this: and, now that our rule is inflexible, as to paying and being paid, we have no difficulty, except when, at times, our cows are to calve at too short an interval, and the supply runs short, and the customers "are fit to tear us to pieces," as cook says, for what we have to sell.

There is not much to tell of the pig. We bespeak one of a good breed each spring and autumn, bringing him home at from six to ten weeks old—old enough to keep himself warm and comfortable. His cost is then from 15s. to 25s., according to the state of the world in regard to pig-keeping. Before the potato-rot, one might get for 10s. such a pig as afterwards cost 20s. Our pig house is a substantial stone edifice, cool in summer and warm in winter, with a paved yard for eating, exercise, and basking in the sun. The pavement should come up every few years, and the soil below should be removed for manure, and new laid. A liberal use of powdered charcoal will be repaid by the health of the pig and the content of the neighbors; and there is no more valuable manure than the charcoal which has done its work of purification. The house and yard must be kept swept and clean, and the straw frequently renewed, and then the animal itself will have good habits. Pigs are not dirty when they have any encouragement to be clean.—Ours is washed every week, in warm soap and water, and well scrubbed behind the ears and everywhere, to its great ease and comfort. A highly economical remark of my man about this part of his work was, that he scrubbed the pig on washing days, because the soapsuds did just as well for manure after the pig had done with them, "and that," said he, "makes the soap serve three times over."

Buttermilk, skim-milk, refuse vegetables, kitchen-stuff, bought for sixpence per week, grain now and then, and any coarse food rendered nutritious and delectable by Thorley's food or malt dust being sprinkled over it, keep our pig in health and happiness till he has accomplished the first six or seven months of his life. Then he must be fattened for three weeks. The more he is induced to eat during that time, the more profitable will he be; and his food must be of the best kind. Opinions differ as to whether oatmeal or barleymeal answers best. Our belief is that a mixture is the true thing. The barley is cheaper, and requires a month to produce its effect; the oat is dearer, but requires less than three weeks. It is the better, however, for being qualified with the barley; and we use them half-and-half, till the pig has had sixteen stone, costing £1 4s. His weight when killed is, on the average, twelve stone, which has fetched, within my experience, from 5s. to 7s. per stone. Our money gain, after all expenses are deducted, may thus vary from £1 to nothing on the pig; but the privilege of well educated bacon, and hams of high quality, is no contemptible one, as will be owned by doubting and scrupulous purchasers of pork in towns. We and our friends can enjoy our sausages, pork pies, hams and bacon without drawback; and the value of the two latter in the commissariat in a region where the very legs of mutton in the butcher's shop have to be divided between urgent petitioners in the season, cannot be described.

No party is better pleased than the man in charge—unless it be his wife. He buys half the pig at wholesale price; has his bacon cheap; and can, if he chooses, sell the ham at a great profit in the season. We kill our pork in the first days of November and the last of March.

There remains the produce of the poultry-yard to make out our bill of fare. That story is too long for this place, and must be told another week.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.—Henry IV., of France, visited, by chance, a garden, which had been embellished and nursed with much care. Among the persons who accompanied the King, was a courtier, who had a red beard. The latter racked his brains to find something to amuse the august personage during his walk. While he was endeavoring to enliven the conversation by some witty sally, the gardener appeared before them; he had no beard, though already advanced in years. "My friend," said the courtier, immediately addressing him, "why have you no beard on your chin?" He had imagined that the shyness and shame of the gardener would give him cause for merriment. But the countryman, without appearing the least astonished, turned towards the one who had questioned him. "When Nature," said he, "distributed its beards to mortals, I arrived rather late; and as there only remained red ones, I preferred doing without, than taking one of that color."

OH, HOW JOLLY!

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE.—Amsandel, a well-known Paris physician, and quite a celebrity in his way, committed suicide recently, by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol. He was a man of great geniality, and very fond of telling entertaining stories. The following anecdote was related by him not long since to a circle of amused listeners:

A young gentleman of excellent family was on intimate terms with a charming woman who loved him devotedly, and who was exceedingly indignant that he did not reciprocate her own violent passion. One day, when talking to him of her genuine and disinterested love, he listening and laughing, she all at one rose from her seat, and, in a towering rage, demanded what she should do to prove the truth of her assertions.

"My dear Leonie," replied the young man, "I never will believe in a woman's love, until she shall have killed herself for me."

The room in which this scene occurred was on the third story. The window was open.—Leonie suddenly threw herself out.

The frightened youth rushed down stairs, and into the street like a madman. He expected to find the mangled body of the infatuated creature lying upon the pavement, but, to his great astonishment, she had not only disappeared, but no trace of the dreadful act was left. By a providential chance, Leonie had fallen, without a serious injury, into the carriage of a rich Englishman, passing at the moment. Struck with her beauty, he asked the bewildered fair one her commands, and *before the terrified lover reached the street, she had consented to accompany her saviour to England!*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.—Old topers may get a hint towards relief in the following passage of an address by Professor Miller to the Scottish clergy:

"Every drop of alcohol went to the brain, hardened it, and produced a determination of blood thither. He had read in books of travel that some of the tribes of the North American Indians were well-aware of this, for when they failed in procuring a supply of alcohol, they were wont to stand for some time on the crown of their heads. This was a mere matter of engineering on their part, but it produced the desired effect, and served as a substitute for their whiskey. Now he would take the liberty of suggesting to those fathers and brothers who were in the habit of taking a tumbler of toddy occasionally to assist them in inditing sermons, if it would not be a much better plan to adopt the idea of the North American Indians, and stand for a quarter of an hour on the crown of their heads before they sat down to write."

Useful Receipts.

PICKLED MANGOES.—Wash your mangoes and rub them until they are smooth. Cut a piece out of the side of each one, take out all the seeds; then replace the piece, and tie it closely with a thread. Make a pickle of salt and water strong enough to float an egg. Put in the mangoes, and place a cover over them and a weight upon it, in order to keep them entirely under the brine. Let them remain nine or ten days; then take them out and wash them in clear water. Line the bottom of your kettle with leaves, put in your mangoes, cover them with water, and put a layer of cabbage leaves over them; place them over a slow fire, keep them scalding hot, but do not let them simmer. As soon as they become of a fine green, take them out and wipe them dry. Stir together some scraped horseradish, mustard seed, cloves, allspice, coriander seed, and garlic; fill your mangoes with this mixture, tie on the piece again, and lay them in the jars, with the cut side up. A little sugar may be added to the vinegar, of which pour over a sufficient quantity to cover the pickles. Tie them closely. They are not fit for use until they become soft.

A QUICK WAY TO PICKLE PEPPERS.—To one hundred peppers put three half-pints of salt and as much scalding water as will cover them. It is best to put a weight over to keep them under the water. Let them remain in the salt and water two days; then take them out and let them drain. Make a small opening in the side to let out the water. Wipe them, put them in a stone jar, with half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of allspice, and a small lump of alum. Cover them with cold vinegar. When done in this way, they do not change color.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Select small white onions, put them over the fire in cold water with a handfull of salt. When the water becomes scalding hot, take them out and peel off the skins, lay them in a cloth to dry; then put them in a jar. Boil half an ounce of allspice, and half an ounce of cloves in a quart of vinegar. Take out the spice, and pour the vinegar over the onions, while it is hot. Tie up the jar when the vinegar is cold, and keep it in a dry place.

PICKLED WALNUTS.—One hundred walnuts; one ounce of cloves; one ounce of black pepper; half an ounce of mace; one ounce of stick cinnamon; half an ounce of race ginger; one ounce of mustard seed; cider or white wine vinegar sufficient to cover them.

The nuts should be collected about the middle of June. Make a pickle of salt and water, strong enough to bear an egg, which boil and let it stand until cold. Put the walnuts into jars, cover them with the pickle, and let them remain in a cool place three weeks. At the expiration of this time, take them out of the brine, put them into a colander and let them drain. Wash and wipe the jars; then replace the walnuts, and cover them with the best cider vinegar, in which let them remain one month. Then take them out, remove the vinegar, rinse and wipe the jars, put in the nuts, and sprinkle with the mustard seed.—Boil the spice ten minutes in a sufficient quantity of the best cider vinegar to cover them.—When cold, pour the whole over the nuts, and cover very close, to exclude every particle of air. These are fit to eat when soft, but are better if kept for one or two years.

When the walnuts are all used, the vinegar will be found a most excellent catsup, which strain, put in bottles, and cork tight.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

The Riddler.

A COUNTY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 1, 4, 35, 1, 31, 14, is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 8, 26, 29, 32, 14, is a county in Kentucky.
My 3, 6, 10, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 8, 29, 31, 14, is a county in Virginia.
My 5, 26, 37, 22, 14, is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 27, 9, 13, 12, 14, 21, is a county in Georgia.
My 7, 15, 6, 1, 3, 28, is a county in Georgia.
My 8, 15, 13, 16, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 8, 43, 1, 3, 26, is a county in New York.
My 10, 12, 14, 44, 3, 26, is a county in Mississippi.
My 11, 30, 25, 3, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 12, 27, 1, 40, 41, is a county in Michigan.
My 13, 33, 27, 4, 42, is a county in Illinois.
My 14, 3, 20, 42, 29, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 8, 26, 10, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 16, 8, 20, 25, 31, 41, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 28, 4, 15, 11, 6, 8, is a county in North Carolina.
My 18, 1, 8, 27, 10, is a county in Indiana.
My 19, 40, 32, 1, 1, is a county in Indiana.
My 20, 41, 45, 28, 33, is a county in Michigan.
My 21, 9, 16, 14, 3, 27, is a county in Tennessee.
My 22, 1, 8, 27, 10, is a county in Illinois.
My 23, 27, 4, 45, is a county in Utah.
My 24, 26, 10, 13, is a county in Illinois.
My 25, 41, 24, 11, is a county in Illinois.
My 26, 14, 15, 17, 28, 36, 33, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 29, 36, 15, 3, 25, 12, 45, 34, 15, 14, 40, 12, is a county in Arkansas.
My whole is a railroad in one of the Western States.

FRED.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 15, 2, 3, 9, 1, 4, 7, is a small body of water.
My 4, 13, 16, is a river in Europe.
My 12, 11, 3, 5, 6, is an island on the coast of Asia.
My 11, 5, 17, 18, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 5, 3, 9, 4, is a lake in Florida.
My 12, 8, 11, 28, is an island on the coast of Louisiana.
My 12, 11, 14, 13, is a gulf on the coast of Asia.
My 20, 14, 15, 5, 12, is a cape on the coast of Spain.
My 19, 14, 18, 7, 18, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 17, 8, 11, 7, 9, 0, 11, 4, 15, 10, is a town in New Hampshire.
My whole is a well known lake in one of our Southern States.

E. B. HART.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 6, 2, 8, is a production of North Carolina.
My 1, 7, 9, 10, is a package.
My 8, 2, 5, 5, is a kind of fish.
My 6, 7, 4, is used at the leather factory.
My 3, 2, 3, 4, is a building.
My whole is a town in Massachusetts.

Delhi, Ill. PIASA BIRD.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five different letters form and spell
A name which you can quickly tell,
If you but read attentively
The signs and clues which here you see.

You'll have, if my first you take away,
A place where wild beasts often stay,
And which intrepid hunters seek,
As through the jungles thick they creep.

Erase my first and second, then take
The rest, of which you soon can make
A useful thing to great and small,
Without it none could live at all.

Now without any further signs,
If you've correctly read these lines,
You'll have the whole, beyond debate—
A county in the Keystone State.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a mighty element;
My second is very often sent
Across my first, within my third.
My whole is an accomplishment,
Wherein great dangers are incurred.

GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A leg, sir.	Mark, Ned.
Hen rat.	O, lug trap.
O. S., tears.	We send.
Cold tans.	Rain coat.
Darn lie.	Lead ware.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hiero, King of Sicily, ordered his jeweler to make a crown containing 63 ounces of gold. The workman thought that substituting a part silver was only a proper perquisite; which, taking *air*, Archimedes was appointed to examine it; who, on putting it into a vessel of water, found it raised the fluid 8.7745 cubic inches, and having discovered that the inch of gold weighed 19.36 ounces, and that of silver but 5.85, he found what part of the King's gold had been changed. Please inform me what part of it was gold and what silver?

Peru, Ill. WM. F. TERRY.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wanted, by the subscriber,
A tooth from the mouth of a river.
A fish from the sea of humanity.
The rope with which Moses lifted up his voice.
A few sticks picked up on the road to ruin.
A splinter or two from off the north pole.
A few hairs off the head of a pin.
A feather from off the left wing of the State House.
A few pieces picked up after the morning broke.

GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Adam's wife called Eve? Ans.—Because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

☞ Of which sex is the Post-Office? Ans.—The mail sex.

☞ Why are swallows like a leap head over heels? Ans.—Because they are a summer-set (a somerset).

☞ Why is a bed cover like a blister? Ans.—Because it's a counterpane (counter-pain).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Give me liberty, or give me death.—*Patrick Henry.* HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The great fire which occurred in New York. CHARADE—Pennsylvania (Penn-sil-vein-ia), Sylvania Free. RIDDLE—Truth.